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'Saint George Killing the Dragon' by Francesco Salviati: a picture in the Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Antica, Rome. (See 'The Dragon in Cyrenaica' by Gwyn Williams on page 512)

The Referendum in South Africa

By Charles Janson

Collapse in the Congo

By Lionel Fleming

Procrustes and his Scientific Bedstead

By Magnus Pyke

The Public Smiling Man

By J. H. Grainger

Patrician Manchester

By Ian Nairn

'The Cool Gaze and the Warm Heart'

By Laurence Lerner

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The Listener

Vol. LXIV. No. 1644

Thursday September 29 1960

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The Coming Referendum in South Africa

By CHARLES JANSON

On October 5 a referendum will be held among those members of the population of the Union of South Africa who have voting rights, to decide whether or not the Union is to become a republic.

IN the referendum about 1,800,000 people will be voting. These are Her Majesty's present white adult subjects. On the same day something like 11,000,000 human beings will be unrepresented. These are Her Majesty's present subjects who are non-white or, as one reads it in Afrikaans at the entrance to post offices, *nie blanke*. The coloured or mixed race population have now lost all political rights; the Indians have none either, and the Bantu, who number about 8,500,000, are not being consulted at all. Another peculiarity of this referendum is that some tens of thousands of people are voting in it who live in another country, the mandated territory of South-West Africa. This is surely a most startling political innovation.

At the moment it is hard to see a landslide for either republicans or anti-republicans. Some forecasters prophesy a large majority for the republicans, arguing that nobody of any political consequence is genuinely in favour of the Monarchy *per se*, and that the choice is really between a republic introduced by Dr. Verwoerd or a republic negotiated between the Afrikaner Nationalists and the Opposition at a more favourable moment. This school believes that voters faced with this alternative will not bother to oppose the Nationalists now and will 'let them have

their republic'. We shall soon know whether they were right.

The Afrikaner Nationalists maintain that only in a republic will the two white races be united. They also argue, as *Die Burger* has put it, that a republic would 'express the natural destiny of South Africa'. If, on the other hand, the electorate voted against, then 'that would be a mere retardation of the coming of the republic, it would solve nothing and it would leave us more divided than we had ever been, for we would still have an institution which the Afrikaners would never accept. We repeat: never. Such a referendum result would only place in prospect another referendum'. This, it seems, is tantamount to saying that, whatever the Opposition may think, the general will of white South Africa is that there should be a republic; a position which hardly rests either on logic or on the principles of democracy. Rather it derives from Afrikaner metaphysical concepts regarding the Boer nation, which is to guide the other peoples or nations of South Africa.

Dr. Verwoerd has stated that if his party wins the referendum the Union will apply for readmission to the Commonwealth; that if readmission is prevented by those Commonwealth states hostile to South Africa he will seek association with the older white countries of the Commonwealth. He and his Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Louw, have also told the electorate, with what authority it is hard to imagine, that they are sure that Britain

will use its influence upon the new Commonwealth countries to secure the Union's readmission. When I was in the Union in July the confusion on the republican issue was already considerable. It must be much more so now.

I want briefly to discuss the Afrikaner Nationalist movement itself; for it is this movement that is the force behind the referendum. When Dr. Verwoerd speaks of the need for 'undivided loyalty to South Africa on the part of the two white races' he is condemning the overseas connexion, real or imaginary, of the English-speaking population. According to the Nationalists it is this allegiance that prevents the emergence of a South African nation, by which they mean an Afrikaner-guided nation. In July Dr. Hertzog, one of Dr. Verwoerd's Ministers, put the matter clearly when he said that the Nationalists must either break the English press or be broken by it.

Afrikaner Intellectuals and the 'Volk'

Over the last forty years Afrikaner intellectuals have built up a whole philosophy of nationalism. Its main concepts are the *nasie* or *volk*, which Professor Koetsee describes as 'a cultural unit for which the Anglo-Saxon world has no equivalent except the less satisfactory word of "people" or even "race"'. This cultural-historical unit possesses a *volkseie* or ethos. It is exclusive; and should develop on its own, uncontaminated by other groups. Afrikaner intellectuals contrast their doctrine and practice of racial exclusiveness with the 'Mediterranean' habit of mixing the races. This apparently is a bad thing, and not only in South Africa. To find racialism operating under the burning sun of the high veld, 5,000 miles south of Naples in 1960 is something of a curiosity. Afrikaner racialism has strongly influenced South African immigration policy. Even before the last war the movement was strong enough to limit the influx of Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany, and since the Nationalists came to power in 1948 immigration policy has been determined by the principle of 'suitable types'. The authorities prefer Nordic peoples. I think this is a pity, because in reality it is the Italians who by their tradition and disposition are the natural bridge between northern European colonizers and indigenous Africans.

In parenthesis it must be confessed that English-speaking South Africans are, in their non-metaphysical way, almost as race-conscious as the Afrikaners. Their attitude to Indians in Natal, who today still have no political or even municipal rights, could scarcely have been harsher. Since Lord Milner, himself of German origin, the British, at least until very recently, have been inclined to treat Afrikaners as an inferior white race that spoke a negligible dialect of a minor European language; but now the other dog is on top.

The explanation or justification of Afrikaner nationalism lies in the sufferings of the Anglo-Boer war and in the effects of the industrialization of South Africa, both of which are today regarded by Afrikaners as acts of alien aggression. In 1919 the Boers founded an organization which aimed at establishing a brotherhood of the Boer people. This was the Broederbond. It became a secret society in 1922, and towards the end of the second world war Smuts accused it of subversion and fascism. These charges the Broederbond hotly denied. It is usually supposed that eighty per cent. of the 'high-ups' of the Nationalist Party are *Broers*, or brothers.

An Alien Environment

Other important Afrikaner organizations are the Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Unions and the Reddingsdaadbond whose task was described by the Cape Nationalist leader Dr. Dönges as 'to keep the Afrikaner worker in the midst of foreign elements in his church, language, and *volks* environment'. When the Afrikaner left the *platteland* of the Transvaal to take a job in Johannesburg he was considered by his own leaders to have entered an alien environment in which he would need spiritual support. These organizations, the various selection bodies, and the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church often have an interlocking membership. In the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, then, the Nationalist Party, aided by these auxiliary organizations, had been conscientiously and devotedly building the Afrikaner people into a

nation which, at a given moment, would assume moral responsibility for all the other nations in the Union of South Africa. The Nationalist Party came to power in 1948 and now in 1960 it is making its bid for supremacy, once and for all.

Afrikaner society is tightly organized not only by the Nationalist Party and by the Church but by the schools. What is called Christian National Education is a puritanical Calvinistic upbringing such as can hardly exist elsewhere in the world. European children are artificially kraaled off from one another into English and Afrikaans medium schools, under the pretext that they must be taught in their 'home' language. This practice conflicts absolutely with the realities in the homes which are not linguistically exclusive at all. Today, in many South African homes of both races, children and parents switch from English to Afrikaans without even being aware that they are doing so. Moreover compulsory Christian National Education for Afrikaner children alone contradicts Dr. Verwoerd's claim that it is only the English-speaking South Africans who are hindering a South African patriotism. Christian National Education is unquestionably a weapon of Afrikaner nationalism; if not of Afrikaner National Socialism.

In July I attended part of a conference at Natal University which discussed educational questions. The main guest speaker was Sir Julian Huxley, who spoke on 'Man's new vision of himself'. Sir Julian described man's position in the universe in evolutionary terms and, as a topical tail-piece, criticized those South African thinkers who were accentuating the exclusiveness of the races at a moment when, in his view, both evolutionary science and economic necessity demanded the integration and co-operation of the whole human race. The speech was well received by 3,000 people, all white, in the City Hall at Durban. Next day, however, the Afrikaner establishment and press replied vehemently saying that Sir Julian Huxley had clearly made no serious attempt to understand their own ideas. In Cape Town *Die Burger* wrote:

Sir Julian Huxley has swallowed hook, line, and sinker all the false propagandist suppositions concerning the foundations of our racial policy. Has he asked one of us what we really believe concerning the races of this country and the world? No, he simply knows, this great scholar; we believe in the inherent and permanent superiority of some races and the permanent inferiority of others.

Bitter Resentment against Outsiders

This ironic language expresses the rancour of those Afrikaner planners who are desperately trying to devise some practical application of the principles of racial exclusiveness and separate development. The harder this becomes in face of rising African nationalism and economic realities, the more bitterly do the theorists resent outsiders who refuse to admit the validity of the principles. These visitors are accused of ignorance of Afrikaner thought, of indifference towards the Afrikaner predicament and of lack of concrete solutions. But, again, what are these Afrikaner ideas? Professor Chris Koetsee, a fundamentalist of Christian National Education and what is called 'Christian-oriented science', flatly denies the evolution from animal to man, so that it is small wonder that he and his colleagues take issue with Sir Julian. The Afrikaner intellectuals, supported, if often uneasily, by the Dutch Reformed Church, maintain that God willed separate nations and peoples and has given to each nation and people its own task and talents. The mission of the Afrikaner people to the non-European nations of South Africa is not to bring to them Afrikanerdom but make them race-conscious themselves. Thus the Bantu, far from being Europeanized, should be educated as 'Bantu Christians'.

This view of religion applied to race naturally leads at any rate the extreme Nationalist intellectuals to postulate a Union of South Africa composed of mutually exclusive Christian nations. In its extreme form Christian Nationalism almost resembles the various sects in Nazi Germany which tried to make God German. One remembers the 'German Christians', a National Socialist movement inside the Protestant Church. Perhaps one might say that whereas these German sectarians wanted to get rid of the Old Testament (because it was non-Aryan), the

Boer Christian Nationalists are mainly concerned to dispense with the New Testament. The Boers are not exactly nazis. There are occasions when policies defined in Afrikaner religious terms breathe the spirit of the most sterile European authoritarianism. It is not difficult to see what large spanners Father Trevor Huddleston, Bishop Reeves, and the Archbishop of Cape Town have been throwing into the Afrikaner works, or to understand that the Catholics of South Africa are also a mortal enemy of the Christian National system with their emphasis on the universal church and, worst of all, with a black Tanganyikan cardinal on their strength.

Naturally the Afrikaner intellectual political system is fiercely opposed in South Africa not only by British liberals, such as Alan Paton and Patrick Duncan, but by Afrikaners themselves. The Afrikaner opposition is centred mainly in the universities and institutes of race relations. Professor Malherbe, Professor Pistorius, and Dr. Leo Marquard are among the best-known names. Since there is still freedom of the press, of speech, and association, these thinkers can and do have their say. Three years ago Professor Pistorius published a book called *No Further Trek** which is perhaps worth quoting. In it he castigates the historical failing of his own people to tackle the problem of human relations and race relations. He writes:

There is no further trek possible because there is nowhere to trek. The problem of human relations, a problem embracing all men and races, has become as insistent as the problem of

nature. We in South Africa cannot evade the issue any longer and the issue is more complex and more difficult than ever in history. There are Europeans and Coloureds and Bantu and Indians. There are the English and the Afrikaners, as they call themselves. There are no, or at least very few, South Africans. We are like heroes in some classical drama. We see our own doom inevitably advancing but we are powerless to avert it. It is a doom of our own making. Those whom the gods wish to destroy they make insane. He who makes a tribal god will perish by the tribal gods of others.

It is a melancholy fact that the fate of race relations in South Africa depends decisively on this Afrikaner opposition. It is they, who represent perhaps a quarter of their own people, that have the political power and, I believe, the human determination to save the situation from utter ruin; for, if they cannot impinge upon their own people, then the South Africans of English origin will be condemned to sterile opposition.

While I was in South Africa I met a good number of these oppositionist Afrikaners who are often men of heroic stature. They asked, one and all: 'Do the people of Britain really care? Will they support us in the struggle against the Government?' I found it hard to give a positive answer. We in Britain have really no conception of the drama that is going on in South Africa, in spite of our protests and boycotts. It is drama incomparably greater than anything that is happening elsewhere in the Commonwealth.—*Third Programme*

* Central News Agency (Johannesburg). 8s. 6d.

Collapse in the Congo

By LIONEL FLEMING, B.B.C. Commonwealth correspondent

IN one of the most gruesome stories of Edgar Allan Poe, Monsieur Valdemar, having been mesmerized while actually on his death-bed, is kept for seven months in a state of suspended animation—if you can call it animation. He is then un-mesmerized again, and the result is appalling: within a few moments he disintegrates before their eyes. And when I think of the sudden and almost complete collapse of the Congo I am irresistibly reminded of him.

A Premature Birth

The parallel, I know, is not exact. This was not a question of a death but of a premature birth—a miscarriage. And yet, the speed and unexpectedness of M. Valdemar's decay can be matched only by what happened here. And just as there was a breakdown in the efforts to insulate M. Valdemar from the facts of life and death, so, too, was there here. Once those forces broke in, collapse inevitably followed.

The inquest still proceeds, and there are those who hold that the tragedy proves only the incapacity of black men to govern themselves. I am convinced that it does not prove this, and that its main lesson is in fact almost the opposite: that it shows the folly of treating African (or indeed any other) people as if the natural urge for emancipation did not have to be recognized. In my view, the Belgians were guilty of a gross over-simplification in thinking that paternalism was the answer, but I do admit that those who agree with me must search their consciences. For the Congo can also be seen to have gained its independence long before it was ready for it. Its present plight suggests that it can be quite as serious an error to bow too low before the 'wind of change', to grant emancipation just because it is being demanded, not only because it seems morally right but because it seems the easiest thing to do.

Both forms of error were present in the Belgian handling of the Congo situation—in a highly dramatic and dangerous form—and there are lessons to be learnt from them. I think, on the one hand, of South Africa, and not only of South Africa but of the great Portuguese territories of Angola and Mozambique

—still as quiet and peaceful as the Congo itself was only a few years ago. Does not the Congo show the dangers of paternalism there? Is there no need for re-thinking, for a more liberal approach, while there is still time? And, on the other hand, there are the dangers of granting everything too suddenly. The Belgians are not the only ones to have run that risk. I confess to having felt disturbed about the prospects for British Somaliland, when I was there, only eighteen months ago, and saw almost immediate self-government being promised to people who were still almost completely tribal, feudal, and illiterate. Mercifully, nothing much seems to have happened there; but the same cannot be said, for example, of Guinea. Intelligent and energetic as her people are, her sudden independence proved mainly that she was not viable as a state. In order to exist at all, she had to turn for help; and, unfortunately, it was Russian help that she got, with all the usual strings attached to it. And Guinea's example has a particular bearing on the Congo.

In the Congo itself, as I think, paternalism was the root cause of the disaster. For years the illusion of well-being, of contentment and security, had imposed itself not only on the Belgians but on many outside observers. Theirs seemed to be an almost miraculous achievement: an enormous area of Africa whose inhabitants were utterly uninterested in politics and untouched by all the disturbing forces around them. But, all the time, we were merely watching M. Valdemar in his trance.

Error of Belgian Policy

The Belgian fault was not that they tried to suppress or restrict African life: on the contrary. In many respects, the Africans under them received better chances of advancement than they have had in some other territories. In the Congo, I found African bank clerks, postal officials, shop assistants, and engine drivers. The pilots who ran the big passenger ferries to Brazzaville—a dangerous three-mile journey across the fierce current of the Congo—were all Africans. I have not found such well-paid jobs in African hands in the neighbouring Federation of Rhodesia and

Nyasaland, nor for that matter in Kenya or Uganda. The Belgian policy was not inhumane or even unsympathetic. Its big error was in the assumption that *effective* power could be kept permanently in European hands, and that Africans should therefore not be trained for the really responsible jobs. This attitude applied to almost every aspect of life—politics, education, and, what proved to be the most disastrous field of all, the Force Publique.

The Congolese Exhibit in Brussels

When I was in Leopoldville, people were still recalling the first apparent movement of the Congo in its long, deep-trance. It was a small enough thing—the Congolese exhibit at the International Exhibition that was held in Brussels in 1958. A number of Africans took part in this, or were on display there. Up to that time Africans had been actively discouraged from coming to Europe at all. Now those who came went back to the Congo with a new vision of what went on in the outside world, and, in particular, of the political rights that people could enjoy there. And then, at the end of the same year, there was another and stronger factor, the All-African conference that was held in Accra where black men were in control, where they had their own coinage and postage stamps, and their own airline, and everything the white man had been supposed to monopolize. Mr. Patrice Lumumba, the Congolese delegate, came back with his mind full of possibilities, and his political activities were immediately intensified.

A little of this feeling did indeed reach the Belgians, but not much, because in a sense they were trapped in their own machinery. Politics had been discouraged, therefore there were still no vocal political leaders among the Africans, so that things were still deceptively quiet. The King, however, did go so far as to say that the Congo would be led to independence 'without delay, but without inconsiderate haste'. It is almost incredible, when one looks back at the dates, to find that this statement was made only in January of last year.

The widespread rioting in Leopoldville, which immediately followed, marked the point where the Belgians forsook one error only to espouse an opposite one. They gave everything away with both hands, as fast as they could. The Congo became a sovereign, independent state within twenty months, and 'inconsiderate haste', I am afraid, is the only phrase for it—unless one uses the stronger word: 'panic'.

Admittedly, something had to be done quickly. The long hypnosis was wearing off. M. Valdemar was not only stirring but beginning to lash about. Yet the Belgians, as could be seen even at that time, were taking the most dreadful risk in the excessive liberalism that followed their excessive paternalism. To hand over the whole machine could have been justified only if they had also made a supreme effort to train the Africans while there still was time, and this they most noticeably failed to do.

Unpreparedness of the New State

Just before independence day, when the new Congolese Parliament was holding its first sessions, I watched uneasily some of the proofs of the pathetic unpreparedness of this new state. In the finest Parliament House in all Africa, the deputies were displaying their almost total incapacity to cope with the parliamentary machine. But things got along somehow—mainly because a European 'technician' had been seated next to the Speaker, and was giving him constant, whispered advice on what to do next. When I revisited the House it was after the revolt of the Force Publique, and things did not seem to be getting along at all. The white 'technician' had been hunted out of the country, and the African Speaker (amid some cries of dissent) was engaged in reading out various anonymous letters he had received. After about half an hour of this I left: there seemed little prospect of anything else taking place.

But the full implications of this lack of readiness were not immediately apparent. It had been assumed by the Belgians, and assumed also by many outside observers, that European *expertise* would carry the country through, until its inhabitants

were really ready to take up the task. And here I must break in to say that the assumption, on the face of it, was not unreasonable. It involves the classic post-colonial situation which is recognized, both by Europeans and Africans, whenever a country is granted its independence. Ghana is probably the most developed and self-reliant of the new African states. And yet Ghana was happy to take over the existing administrative machinery, together with the British officials who had been running it. She knew that she could not get on without them, and was, indeed, most anxious to retain them. Although Ghana has now replaced many of these Europeans by Africans, yet the demand, the need, for Europeans has not diminished, and at the present moment there are more of them working in the country than before independence. Thus the inability of Africans to handle *all* the machinery is not in itself an argument for denying them self-government.

At any rate the Belgians counted on the continued presence of European experts, and no doubt the Congolese leaders did so too—judging by their frenzied appeals to Belgians to come back to the Congo. But the peculiar circumstances of the Congo forbade this solution. I myself could not see at the time how inexorably the awakening must be followed by the disintegration; but I see it now.

In places like the Gold Coast and Nigeria—to name only the British colonies—the long process of training Africans for responsibility had given them also a sense of their own limitations. They came to see that they could do certain things, and they claimed the right to do them. They saw also that there were certain things that they could not yet do, and were content to forgo such things until they felt capable. In other words, they showed common sense.

Common Sense Absent

But common sense has been almost entirely absent in the Congo, and the reason, I think, is that its people were never brought up to realize their limitations. Denied all access to positions of power, they yet saw no reason why they should not immediately step into those positions. Independence was a fairy wand which would transform their pumpkin into a gilded coach. Their feet were not on the ground—they believed that anything the white man could do, they could do better.

I hope I am not being over-cynical about this. But here are some examples of what happened: the immediate and successful pressure for a thirty per cent. increase in all salaries, at a time when the economy of the country was obviously ruined; the fact that, in the hospitals, the African orderlies and nurses went on strike for the right to give instructions to the European doctors; the claim of the parliamentary deputies that the special motor cars, assigned to them for the independence celebrations, should become their personal property for ever; above all, the 'Africanization' to which so many firms have had to bow, by promoting their messengers and office boys into managing directors and retaining their Europeans merely as 'advisers'.

And the first and most vital thing that was touched by this delirium was the Force Publique: here it was disastrous. The sergeant-major became, overnight, the commander-in-chief, the white officers were thrown out. And this was the moment of truth, the moment at which reality, at last, broke in. For in that moment all semblance of control vanished from the army, and with it all the foundations of law and order in the state itself. From this there has followed a collapse and decay as sudden and horrifying as could be imagined. For the next thing to go was the assumption on which the existence of the state rested, that the guidance and help of the white man would continue. Faced with the anti-white terror of the Force Publique, the Belgian officials fled the country almost in a body. Government offices, businesses, and shops all became denuded of them, their abandoned cars still litter the roads to the ferry and the airport. It is doubtful if more than a very small proportion of them will ever come back again.

So the whole country fell into ruin within a week of its independence; and it now presents the unique paradox of a so-called sovereign state which has proved itself utterly incapable of exercising any of the true functions of sovereignty. It is not

a state, it is nothing but the débris of what might have been a state. Its resemblance to the final condition of M. Valdemar is indeed unnerving. But all analogies break down at some point or another, and in this case the point has obviously been reached here, for the Congo must revive in some form. The question is: what can be done about it? And the question is the more urgent because Belgium's folly can now be seen to have affected much more than the Congo itself. It has had a bearing on the whole future of Africa, and already it has led to tensions outside Africa—among the Great Powers and inside the United Nations.

If one could only put the clock back, the logical answer might not be too difficult. The place cries out for somebody to look after it. The only fruits of its so-called freedom have been savage civil war, the collapse of its administration, and an empty treasury. The sensible thing would be to revoke the rash grant of sovereignty and put the whole area under tutelage again—until things have been got properly running once more, and until its people have been trained to real competency and a sense of responsibility. And this idea strongly, indeed inevitably, suggests the United Nations as the instrument.

I remember, in Leopoldville, how our hearts lightened as we saw the United Nations move in—the hearts of whites and blacks alike. For here was law and order again, here were disinterested people who were capable of running the administration, re-starting the post and cable services, looking after public health, and all the rest. The whole atmosphere changed almost within hours; it seemed as if we were all coming out of a long and dark tunnel into the light.

The big snag in all this—the irrevocable grant of independence to the Congo—has become all too obvious since then. The United Nations was like a new teacher before whom the class was on its best behaviour—until it found out that teacher did not have any real powers over it. The fiction had to be maintained that the United Nations had come to help a real, sovereign government. Consequently, it has been faced with perpetual

embarrassments and difficulties. Beyond a certain point, it was not even empowered to keep order—as the Congolese army, after its first phase of meekness, was quick to discover. It certainly was unable to take the reins of government into its own hands, and away from the incompetents who were supposed to be holding them. Hence the continuing chaos.



A police jeep burning during the riots in Leopoldville in January 1959

The hope still remains that, given general goodwill, some way can be found which will allow the United Nations the proper authority to do in the Congo what must be done. And here, unless the recognition of independence can in some way be withdrawn, we are to a great extent at the mercy of the Congolese themselves. If common sense comes back to them, they might at least consider themselves to be a crippled government, willing to lean more heavily on this international body than anyone has leaned before. Assuming, of course, that there is a recognizable government there at all.

I see only one dangerous alternative to effective control by the United Nations, and that is a new colonialism supplied by the Soviet Union. Up to now Russia has been proceeding with considerable caution—mainly, I think, because of a fear of scaring the other African states into opposition, for they are already suspicious of her designs and have no wish to see communism spreading from the Congo into their own territories. But already Russia has been able to move delicately, and yet successfully, into Africa: I saw her doing so in Guinea to fill the vacuum left by the French. There every step was tentative—at first, indeed, not involving Russia at all, but consisting of small things like lorries from Hungary or experts from East Berlin. Only when they were sure of the ground did the Russians move firmly into Guinea. In the Congo, too, much will now depend on the state of the ground. And that ground will certainly be occupied by an external guiding force of one sort or another; for there is little hope of guidance or control from among the people themselves.

—Third Programme



United Nations troops landing at Elisabethville airport, Katanga, in August

The Public Smiling Man

By J. H. GRAINGER

CHESTER NIMMO is the central character of Joyce Cary's political novel *Prisoner of Grace*. He is a successful Radical politician of the first quarter of this century. The model is obviously Lloyd George but he could be any of the political leaders of the late nineteenth or early twentieth century who have 'touched the springs of action in the common man'. Nimmo achieves and keeps power through his lay preacher oratory, his ability in managing men, and his mastery of situations.

'When you are dealing with people like Nimmo', says his wife Nina, 'facts simply turn round the other way, and as for situations it is their business to change them'. After Chester had won valuable political notoriety at a rowdy public meeting she says:

It was at this time that I began to feel, among political people, the strange and horrible feeling which afterwards became so familiar to me (but not less horrible) of living in a world without solid objects at all, of floating day and night through clouds of words and schemes and ambitions and calculations where you could not say that this idea was obviously selfish and dangerous and that false and wicked because all of them were related to something else.

Nina is perturbed by the ambiguity of politics. But she does not reject them. 'I really think', she says, 'that politicians (I mean good, honest ones who have good principles) can be more admirable than saints because they do more valuable work and are not merely allowed to save their souls'. This is an unexpected tribute from one who is clearly shown to have no very persistent interest in politics and not much respect for her husband. She has caught something of the spirit of a world in which we still had somewhere to get to—in which human hopes could still be translated into political terms and political programmes. She is talking about the routine politics of a Western liberal-democratic state, one with two great political parties busily seeking by argument, flattery, and bribe the support of the voters. She has doubts but is not yet in the doldrums of Professor Oakeshott's now-famous ocean where 'there is neither harbour for shelter, nor floor for anchor, neither starting point nor appointed destination'.

Politics Becalmed in Britain

When precisely the change came it would be difficult to say, but it is true that politics lie becalmed today in Britain. Politicians are not loathed as Gladstone, Chamberlain, Parnell, and Lloyd George were loathed. Nor are they loved either. They merely do not seem to be very important—or very real. In some countries they may be regarded as squalid nuisances. General Ayub Khan has conceded that one of the main aims of his reforms in Pakistan was to remove the politician from politics. And for General de Gaulle, too, the politician was the flaw in the Fourth French Republic. *The Times* has pointed out that these—and others—are good generals, and that public opinion in many countries has come to the conclusion that 'politics are much too serious a matter to be left to the politicians'. I doubt if we will ever welcome political generals here—however diplomatic, efficient, and respectable the new species may be—but there are signs that the reputation of the civil statesman is ebbing.

Possibly this is because his decisions do not seem as momentous as formerly. The strength of British politics, said Augustine Birrell, sixty years ago, derived not from the calibre of our leaders but from its representation of 'a people who were always destined to play a great part in the history of the world'. The tasks—necessary and prudent—upon which we have been engaged recently are not likely to lengthen the shadow of a statesman. The decisions of a mid-twentieth century Prime Minister are different in kind from those of Lord Salisbury or even of Lloyd George.

Possibly, too, because of the unparalleled comfort we are now enjoying. All the earnest politics of the past never produced a

felicity like this. We are a nation without a mission—for the first time since Cromwell's day—but we are enthralled with small things. There has been created a kind of counter-world in which we maximise our satisfactions. And as in Hobbes's Leviathan, assured government is demanded. We want no dispute about fundamentals.

These factors are surely most important, but I wonder how much of the decline of politics derives from a deep scepticism about the validity of political ideas and a more realistic understanding of the political process? It would be easy to see the influence of Marxism here. But Marxism in action is far from taking the stuff out of politics: rather, it creates its own mystique of politics. It may be that a higher criticism of quite a different order has eroded the political fundamentalism of both right and left which sustained the nineteenth-century debate. All in all, an unobtrusive revolution in which native philosophy and political science have played their part.

Clearing Up Our Political Vocabulary

To remove, as T. D. Weldon and others have done, the foundations of political theory, to maintain that most *a priori* thinking about politics from Plato onwards has been a waste of time may not seem damaging to statesmen. After all they are practical men, and do not habitually seek metaphysical justifications for what they do. When philosophers clear up our political vocabulary and decide that 'democracy' is not a particularly useful word, that human rights are meaningless abstractions; when they say that no answer can be given to the goodness or badness of a political system until it has been examined in detail, they would seem to be doing a good job. We cannot criticize the philosophers for insisting that politicians use words with caution. A 'demagogue with an impediment in his speech' will be less dangerous than one with a silver tongue.

But in the meantime a politician is forced to use the chipped and debased currency of political theory, to employ words like 'democracy', 'human rights', 'rule of law' as if they still had some meaning. 'Few ideas are correct ones', wrote Disraeli, 'and what are correct no man can say; but with words we govern men'. May not our politicians already be more inhibited than they need be in raising moral issues because their vocabulary has become threadbare? Ideologies may be dangerous but they can be useful guides to action. Many grossly inaccurate things were probably said about Hitler's Germany in 1939; doubtless the virtues of our own system of government were exaggerated. People in Britain may have been moralizing about politics in a most ham-handed way. Yet I think they reached the right answer.

Labelling Oneself Old-fashioned

Today, the substance of the debate is as tiresome as advertising-copy writing and not worth the attention of serious people. To be committed in politics, to moralize on politics, like Riesman's inner-directed man, is to label oneself old-fashioned. A recent 'profile' in *The Observer* on R. H. S. Crossman took him to task simply for having ideas. Ideas have ravaged the world far too long: they are associated with prophets and oracles and bring too much discomfort. Let us be thankful for a political lull and leave ideas to Africans and Asians.

Political theory seems to have come to a dead end. Most students of politics today are busy gathering facts about what really happens, about the practical working of institutions, about actual political behaviour. In his analysis of British political parties, R. T. Mackenzie has restricted himself almost entirely to describing the mechanics of the dominant political parties inside and outside parliament. He concludes that the chief function of the system is to produce two competing political élites between whom

the people may periodically choose. In each party policy is shown to be in the hands of a parliament-based oligarchy, well able to withstand rank-and-file pressures, and mainly intent on staying in business. Ideologies and principles are transitory; hardly subject to analysis. They must not be allowed to get in the way of the real concern of politics—the competitive struggle for leadership.

Then, we have the politician as a filter for sectional interests as revealed by a growing body of literature on pressure groups and lobbies. Here is the democratic politician as broker, bringing things into balance, the politician as editor, deciding what the public wants, or will stand. This is the politician as Bosola, in *The Duchess of Malfi*, described him, 'the devil's quilted anvil. He fashions all sins on him and the blows are never heard'. But although he is much occupied conciliating interests, he still has some command of the situation as long as there is a strong party behind him and his own view of the public good remains clear.

Less flattering is the picture of the politician that can be pieced together from studies in the austerer field of public administration. In *The Organisation of British Central Government 1914-1956**, we have, for example, a scrupulous account of the birth and death, growth and adaptation, merging and sundering of government departments, boards, commissions, and councils in recent years, a kind of genealogy of public bodies. Barely a comment: mainly the record of the inexorable processes by which one department edges its way forward, another shrinks, and another takes shape. The politician is only fleetingly seen in the interstices—a remote, even fugitive, first mover.

Apex of the Political Structure

From this and other works what can we learn about the habitat of the politician, the 'public smiling man'? At the apex of the political structure is the Cabinet—as it is revealed by memoirs and war histories, the indiscretions of politicians, and the inferences of scholars. First of all, it does not seem to be the centre of command we might have expected. Occasionally it takes big decisions but more frequently it is ratifying those taken elsewhere. Indeed it appears to be no more than the visible head of a vast pyramid reaching down through Cabinet Office, Cabinet committees, and official committees into the departments. The politician bobs like a cork on the surface of a pond whose depths cannot be accurately plumbed. For the departments themselves do not make policy out of their own tissues. Lobby, advisory committee, party research organizations all make their separate contributions. Key decisions may be taken at any point in this complex sub-structure. Here is the politician as part of the outer defences of bureaucracy.

Scholarship thus cuts the statesman down to size, exhibits him as stump orator, filter, fixer, and scapegoat. The press treats him more kindly. Cleon is perhaps more prominent than Pericles but the journalist, naturally disposed to seeing current affairs in terms of people rather than institutions or social forces, still presents the politician as a moulder of his age and affords him more space than public interest in his work would strictly justify.

Among the general public there is, as in all seasoned liberal democratic countries, a tradition of deprecating politics, an under-swell of moderate hostility to those set in authority over us, an assumption that while politicians should be much better than the rest of us they are in fact much worse. Such scepticism is an antidote to the irrationality in political man and provides resistance to the spell of the charismatic leader. At least the people are rarely taken in; they know that the politician must use a special kind of language in order to be all things to all men: recognize too that there is an outside and an inside to politics and that the reconciliation of the two may well lead to a charge of prevarication, of duplicity. Of Gladstone, Lecky wrote:

There seldom was a speaker from whose words it was more difficult to extricate a precise meaning: who so constantly used language susceptible of different interpretations: who so often seemed to say a thing and by seeming to say it raised hopes and won influence and applause without definitely committing himself.

Pushed this way and that, the politician may practise what looks like duplicity simply because he moves in a world where ambiguity is necessary to preserve his inner freedom of action.

Public toleration—up to a point—of what seems like bad faith is indeed a recognition that politics is a profession different

from all others. But there must also be a recognition of the courage of the politician. For the politician is one who is willing to leave the obscurity of private life to take up a public stance. The nineteenth-century metaphor of the gladiator was apt enough. The game he plays is dangerous. Once discredited and he may be lost forever. He needs courage as well as adaptability to survive; and it is this quality—from which a whole age may derive moral power—that is usually ignored in contemporary discussions of politics. This is Lecky again on Gladstone:

He had every kind of courage—the courage that never feared to face a hostile audience, to lead a forlorn hope, to defend a desperate cause, to assume a great weight of responsibility—the fatal courage which did not hesitate to commit his party by his own imperious will to new and untried policies.

What the Politician Can Do

What the politician can do is to persuade us that the dialogue of politics is important: to attune political programmes to popular interests and aspirations, whether revolutionary or reactionary, in such a way that men are capable of moralizing upon them, of sensing their pungent reality. If ideas and principles are to be expendable in the struggle for power it will be difficult for the politician to do this. Democratic politics can flourish only if the perennial conflict between right and left spills over into society, diffusing new conceptions of social morality or new reasons for defending old ones. Yet what we have, outside the relatively narrow discourse within and between the parties, is a vast literature, popular and academic, which maintains that mugwumpery is morally and intellectually superior to conviction in politics.

It is as though the whole debate between those who wish to change the face of society and those who merely wish to adjust things within an existing tradition had come to a stop. The radicals feel that it is a presumption to raise their voices because they are half-persuaded themselves that horse-racing and friendship are more important than politics. And the conservatives have always found it difficult to keep the conversation going on their own. Both sides feel they should behave like sensible people and accept and encourage empirical social engineering towards we know not what.

But what they are thus depriving themselves of is the stimulus of new models. The scientist, I believe, needs models, fallible models created by observation, reason, and intuition, which he modifies or destroys in order that knowledge may advance. The politician on both sides of the gangway needs something of the same kind. It is clear enough, on the left, that the politician who runs out of ideas cannot rely upon an improved party machine to keep him in power. Labour leaders are having difficulty now in replacing the reserves which were exhausted between 1945 and 1950. Even the traditionalists may falter in their opportunism unless they are presented with the idea of a perfectible society.

A Matter of Studying Form

Indeed, without organizing concepts politics becomes merely a matter of studying form, with the psephologists and political journalists as tipsters and stable boys. It could mean the acceptance of a long-reigning governing party, patrician empiricists, highly sensitive to popular attitudes, an efficient and untroubled civil service and technocracy, and an electorate of 'inside dopesters', steadily becoming incapable of seeing politics as anything more than a ritual attached to public administration. And to explain this new political quietism we might well need a new theory of power within the constitution.

However, I do not think that these developments are likely. The tranquillity of today is merely a kind of slack water. It would be foolhardy to invoke catastrophe merely to liven up our politics—and rehabilitate the politician. But there is still the possibility of 'slavery riding in upon us'. Yet, even in default of adversity, it cannot be that we have attained such a stable marriage of the political order and human aspirations that we shall be able to absorb all the tensions and resolve all the dilemmas of the future without some revival of political idealism. There is a whole miscellany of discontents, which have not yet emerged into politics—the revolt against mere affluence could be one—because there is still no language to bring them into focus. The politician is waiting for a new rhetoric.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

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Examiners Examined

EARLIER this year we mentioned in this column a document entitled *Entrance to Oxford and Cambridge*, in which two academic committees, representing the ancient universities, agreed upon the desirability of introducing a paper on the use of English so as to ensure that all candidates wishing to attend these universities 'can understand and write English'. This recommendation received the general support of the Associations of Head Masters and Head Mistresses. The September number of the *Universities Quarterly* contains an article by Mr. John Holloway, Lecturer in English Literature at Cambridge University (and a poet in his own right), in which he discusses this addition to the entrance examination. He also considers the case of those, including heads of schools, who want a paper containing 'general questions' to be included in the examination in replacement of Latin.

Mr. Holloway is not happy about the kind of questions that are being asked in the new 'Use of English' papers. These papers are meant to establish a higher standard than the ordinary level of the General Certificate of Education. Questions are asked, it appears, about 'Kafka, Mann, Priestley, Snow, Waugh': nothing, if not eclectic. Not only do such questions seem alarming to Mr. Holloway, but he is also disturbed by the examiners' instructions to candidates which, he thinks, are written in a 'mummified diction of cliché and officialese'.

One needs to remember that the use of English is largely a question of taste. Taste changes from generation to generation: the rhetoric of Lord Macaulay, the irony of Gibbon, the leisurely prose of Thomas Hardy, or the ornate style of Walter Pater, for example, might all be said to belong to a world that is past. The last generation was brought up to keep Fowler's *Modern English Usage* upon their desks. Yet Fowler has long since been debunked: even the correctness of the word 'usage' has been called into doubt. Mr. Holloway's own handling of English might be criticized by some: his use of that ambiguous word 'issue', for instance, or of that overworked phrase 'the vital point'. Indeed Sir Osbert Sitwell observed long ago that it is hard for the most experienced writer to avoid clichés when discussing certain subjects, notably politics. Broadly, what Mr. Holloway calls 'an essential and melancholy fact' remains. Many schoolboys do not write clear English; they often cannot express themselves accurately upon any subject. It is strange that this should be so. Teaching English is no doubt less simple than one might suppose. Possibly the discipline of translation from the classic tongues was a good one, even if it has nowadays fallen into disrepute. At any rate, at this formative period boys and girls must certainly be encouraged to learn how to write and speak their own language. Therefore the case for a paper on the use of English seems strong, even if it is easy to poke fun at those who set it. Surely it would be a pity if the universities, having given up the requirement of Latin, should now fall back upon so vague a substitute as 'general education', which smacks of a sophisticated 'quiz game'. If necessary, let our modern poets, who are legion, set the papers on English. But because difficulties arise, the new plan should not be quickly given up.

What They Are Saying

The United Nations Assembly

TWO DAYS AFTER Mr. Khrushchev's speech to the United Nations Assembly the only comment on it heard from Communist China had been a hundred-word summary of the Russian leader's statements on disarmament and colonialism. About eight times as much coverage was given by Peking to Dr. Nkrumah's speech. The independent French newspaper *Le Monde* said the most interesting part of Mr. Khrushchev's speech was his reaffirmation of his readiness to take part in another 'summit' conference and to wait some months before the signing of a German peace treaty. The French newspaper went on:

It is only after the installation of the next American President that we shall know whether Russia has finally given up the idea of negotiating with the West or if the only aim of her present manoeuvres is to prepare such negotiations while strengthening her hand as much as possible.

The New York Times, commenting on Mr. Khrushchev's speech, said that the Soviet Union and its allies would not dominate the United Nations in the immediate future and neither might the United States and her allies. The American newspaper continued:

The United Nations is plainly an evolving institution. Whatever it is, it is not dying—as the League of Nations was dying fifteen years after its organization. It is vital. It is a parliament of man in a positive sense—a quarrelling, noisy parliament full of powerful antagonisms, but still a parliament. The issue is who, if anybody, shall dominate it. We may predict, on the evidence of a few swift days, that Russia and her allies and slaves will not do so in the immediate future. Neither may the United States and her allies—she has no slaves. But a failure of domination by force is a victory for what the Charter calls peace and security.

Cairo home service, discussing the journey of King Hussein, to represent Jordan, at the United Nations, quoted the Egyptian newspaper *Al Ahram* which noted that there was a 'silent partnership' between the rulers of Jordan and Israel and that Israel attached importance to King Hussein's trip. *Al Ahram* continued:

It was announced that King Hussein will go to New York. Israel wants a man with an Arab name and an Arab throne to speak on her behalf and express her feelings. This man is Hussein. Israel is quite certain that all that it strives and aspires for will be strongly defended by Hussein.

Cairo home service also quoted another article from *Al Ahram* which described the United Nations' Special Assembly's resolution on the Congo as 'an appeal to the world by the neutral states':

This appeal means that all aid which the Africans request from the U.N. should be offered through that organization in order that the U.N. may be able to fulfil the mission for which it was created. It also means that the Afro-Asian countries are fully prepared to co-operate with the U.N. in this respect as long as it carries out its duties impartially. Moreover, the resolution means that in dealing with problems in any nascent African country, the U.N. can seek the help of the African States because, owing to their natural ties and similarity of conditions, they have the right solution to such problems.

The Yugoslav home service quoted comment from the Paris correspondent of the Yugoslav newspaper, *Vijesnik*, on the impending debate on Algeria in the Assembly. The correspondent said that President de Gaulle had allowed himself to be pushed into a blind alley by the army and extreme 'rightist' circles. The many Frenchmen who hoped for an end to the war in Algeria realized this. But they also realized that the 'Algerian perspective' was closely linked with the development of the situation in the Congo and with the outcome of the struggle between the colonialist and anti-colonialist forces.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

We record with regret the death last week of Charles Landon, Head of B.B.C. Monitoring News Bureau.

Did You Hear That?

A FAMOUS DUEL

'ONE HUNDRED and forty years ago one of the most famous of all duels took place at The Old Windmill on Wimbledon Common', said JOCELYN BRADFORD in 'Today' (Home Service). 'It was between that mercurial figure Lieutenant-Colonel, as he was then, Lord Cardigan—afterwards to become famous as "Charge of the Light Brigade" Cardigan—and a former brother officer, Captain Tuckett.

'Cardigan, who had the not inconsiderable income of over £100,000 a year, believed that the Cavalry should be officered only by individuals who were about as rich as himself and prepared to spend annually almost unlimited money on their regiments. To give him his due he certainly lived up to his own maxims, for he spent £10,000 a year of his own on his regiment.

'It was the age when commissions were bought, and Cardigan had paid more than £40,000 for his colonelcy. Captain Tuckett, who had had one or two wordy arguments with Lord Cardigan over his military beliefs in the past, was alleged by Cardigan to have lampooned him in the press. In the duel—which might never have made history if the miller at Wimbledon had not been a special constable and reported it—Tuckett was wounded. Duelling was a crime, and the press turned all their heavy batteries on to Cardigan. *The Times* even shouted in print: "Let his head be cropped. Let him be put on an oatmeal diet. Let him labour at the treadmill". In the end that belligerent, obstinate, and yet very gallant figure was tried by his peers, and acquitted.

'What the press had to say about that was nobody's business. One of the minor points was that they dug out the fact that Cardigan's duelling pistol was of the latest hair-trigger type made specially in Paris, while Captain Tuckett's was just an ordinary type of weapon. Hair triggers would not have mattered much in some of the other famous duels of the past two centuries. I think

the cream of them is recorded in an old note dated October 1777, which tells that "a Frenchman of quality is severely wounded in a duel by his lover whom he had abandoned. The lady was the challenger and 'ran her lover through the lung'". There is a unique reference also to two American gentlemen, Messrs. Wynn and Brown, who fought a duel with pistols in a stagecoach between Penn and Chicago. The record of the fight adds laconically: "Both are killed".

'I think the duel to end all duels was that fought on May 3, 1808, in France between M. de Grandpré and M. Le Pique, who fought it out in the air in balloons—both of them armed with blunderbusses. M. de Grandpré obviously had the "master mind" for he did not aim at his opponent but blew an enormous hole in his rival's balloon, which sent M. Le Pique and his second crashing earthward and into another world where one is sure duelling has never existed'.



James Thomas, seventh Earl of Cardigan, in the uniform of the 11th Hussars, on his charger Ronald. By A. F. de Prades, 1868

From 'The Brudenells of Deene' by Joan Wake (Cassell)

THE ISLE OF MAN RAILWAY

'Unlike the Islands of Anglesey or Wight', said JAMES BOYD in a talk in Network Three, 'the Isle of Man lies sufficiently far from the mainland coast to have retained much of its ancient independence and traditional insularity. The general Manx landscape of mountain and coast reveals more of an Irish scene than an English one. Against this pleasant backcloth blends the three-foot-gauge Isle of Man Railway, a small, delightful, but complete undertaking, matched for size with the island kingdom.

'It was built at a time when this gauge of railway was about to become the accepted system for Ireland; in this respect the railway's opening anticipated a phase in railway transport by almost two years. The eleven-and-a-half miles from Douglas to Peel was opened with celebration in July 1873; it crossed the island at its waist but called for no big engineering works. A second line, the fifteen-and-a-half miles from Douglas to Port Erin, was very different. It began public service in August of the following year, but drained the company's immediate cash resources, requiring as it did considerable cuttings and embankments and a somewhat tortuous course to preserve a reasonable gradient. Its steep climb from Douglas still requires the most powerful engine on the island to be reserved for this route; a few weeks ago I saw this engine (No. 16 "Mannin") in store at the back of Port Erin shed.

'When I was in Douglas recently I remembered the animated scenes of far-off summer days and childhood holidays. If the palm trees beside the tracks were insufficient to convince me that after a three-hour sail we were now in the tropics, then the fussy little green engines with brass domes, copper-capped chimneys with brass numerals on their flanks, shining pipework, and old tea-pots filled with oil riding on their running plates would hold me spellbound.

'At this period the boat trains for each route left Douglas almost simultaneously; for nearly a quarter of a mile the lines run side by side until the Port Erin line swings steeply away and upwards on its climb to Port Soderick. I would glower across at the smug occupants of the Peel and Ramsey boat train until, with a shrill whistle, the traditional exit would begin. Steam hissing from drain cocks, whistles shrieking and chimneys



A stretch of the Manx Electric Railway between Douglas and Groudle

blasting, each engine would surge forward; within yards the trains would be lurching side by side in clouds of soot and cinders.

'I should explain that from St. Johns on the Peel line, another company was obliged to continue the railway to Ramsey. Originally the Isle of Man Railway intended to build this line itself, but the cost of the Port Erin line had beggared it. Ramsey, much aggrieved, instigated the Manx Northern Railway to connect it with St. Johns and, thence, Douglas. From St. Johns (a sort of cross-roads in the railway system) led the short, steep, and



Above: Dr. Richard Laws (centre) helping to weigh a small elephant seal with a spring balance, stretcher, and block and tackle. Right: A Weddell seal pup sunning itself on the edge of a blow-hole

once-prosperous branch to the lead mines at Foxdale. The little St. Johns and Foxdale company tied itself financially to the Manx Northern and ultimately brought about the downfall of the latter.

'A little way out from Douglas, on the Peel line, is the hamlet of Kirk Braddan, whose Sunday church services for holiday-makers draw big congregations. The railway provides a special train for matins, and, owing to the lack of a run-round for the engine at Kirk Braddan, an engine is placed at either end of the train and the whole 'rake' shuttles to and fro. Nor is this the only tie between railway and church: between Kirk Michael and Balaugh on the Ramsey line there is a small halt equipped with only seat and signal. This is for the use of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

'Ramsey is more directly connected with Douglas by the Manx Electric Railway. This is also a three-foot gauge system but with a double-tracked main line, opened in two parts and completed to Ramsay in 1898. This hugs the cliffs in several awe-inspiring locations, and on certain curves the flanges shriek in protest. At Laxey a mountain electric railway to the summit of Snaefell shares a station with the Manx Electric Railway'.

A NATURALIST IN ANTARCTICA

DR. RICHARD LAWS has spent five years studying the birds and mammals that live among the pack-ice in the far south, and in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service) he described some of these creatures. 'It is round the shores of the Antarctic continent that you find the south polar wild life', he said. 'Along the coast and among the rugged off-shore islands, both on the land and in the water, there is an exuberance of riotous animal life.'

'One of the largest animals is the elephant seal. It weighs as much as three or four tons, and is as long as a London bus—

a great mound of flesh and blubber with a huge mouth, a bulbous leathery nose, and an attitude of extreme indolence. I spent the better part of five years studying this immense creature, and I soon learned that it is anything but indolent. In the water it is superbly graceful, and in the breeding season it can be a nasty customer. An old bull will have a harem of as many as 100 cows, which come ashore from the sea to give birth to their pups. They are covered with thick black fur—rather like Persian lamb—and the speed at which they grow is fantastic. A pup that weighs 100 pounds at birth will weigh 400 pounds three weeks later, because the elephant seal's milk is exceedingly rich. In a breeding herd the noise is amazing: an intermittent roaring and barking as the animals squabble, the bulls rearing up their bodies to ten or twelve feet to crash down on their opponents and perhaps tear out a large lump of blubber and skin.

'Part of my scientific work among the elephant seals of the Antarctic involved weighing them. We used a tripod and a block and tackle, and it was a difficult job to handle even a comparatively small elephant seal.

'I always found something exciting about a colony of Weddell seals. The Weddell is a beautiful, lithe animal: the adult is heavily blotched with black, silver, and gold; and the young are a soft brown. One can see hundreds of them among the broken ice around the coast. In summer, with the sun bright all day and the ice streaked with blue and green, there seems to be a sort of idyllic quality about the whole scene'.

A TITHE OF FISH

'When I was a child in north Lancashire', said PAT OWTRAM in 'The Northcountryman at Large' (North of England Home Service) 'we used to go swimming at Cockersands, at the mouth of the River Lune. This stretch of coast has a fascinating history.

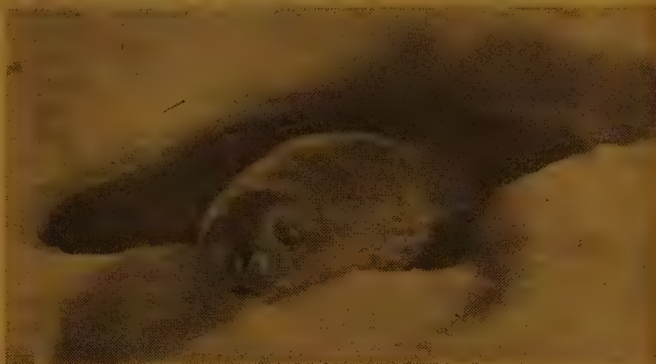
'There is a small stone building in a corner of the field by the sea which was once the chapter-house of a great medieval monastery, Cockersands Abbey. And just off-shore, by the light-house, there is an ancient baulk, or fish-trap, where to this day the Vicar of Cockerham has a right to go out early in the morning and catch a tithe of fish. The monks of Cockersands Abbey built the baulk, to make sure of their daily fish supply. Their

monastery was dissolved by Henry VIII, more than 400 years ago; but, ever since then, the vicars of the parish have held a Common Law right to take, and keep, all the fish trapped by the baulk at certain tides during the summer: these are the first one after the full moon, and the first one after the new moon—except when they fall on a Saturday or Sunday, times when the vicar does not fish. The vicars have always kept up the right.

'The baulk stands just where the monks built it. It consists of two long fences, made of interwoven stakes and branches, and these meet at an angle at their seaward end. Set in the angle is a grid, and just behind it there is a large, shallow pool. The tide flows out through the grid, and leaves the fish trapped. All the vicar has to do is wade into the pool with a landing-net, and scoop out his fish. These range from whitebait to salmon.

'After the monastery was dissolved, its properties—including the baulk—passed into the hands of local squires and farmers. In those days, the vicar could claim a tenth, or tithe, of all the fish caught by fishermen in this part of the river, which is within his parish boundary. Later this was changed to a right to fish the baulk himself at certain tides'.

Harold Mattingly, for thirty years Assistant Keeper in the Department of Coins and Medals at the British Museum, is the author of *Roman Coins from the earliest times to the fall of the Western Empire* (Methuen, £3 3s.), a revised and reset edition of a book originally published in 1928.



Britain's Changing Towns—IV

Patrician Manchester

By IAN NAIRN

PATRICIAN; it is on the face of it an unexpected adjective to use for a purely commercial city, the home of rained-off test matches and forbidding hotels. But it is noble, in an elliptical way; the way which makes it without question the second city of England—the same way by which Manchester Grammar School sends more scholarship boys to Oxford and Cambridge than any other school in Britain, which produced the Young Pretender's gawky but touching 'Farewell Manchester', and is proud to have its mayor actually living in the Town Hall.

The Town Hall is by Alfred Waterhouse, Victorian among Victorians. It faces a square called Albert Square, containing a monument called the Albert Memorial by Thomas Worthington, 1862, bearing a striking resemblance to the larger, more famous memorial in Kensington. Alas for the capital, the Manchester memorial came first: it is the perfect open-air exposition of 'what Manchester thinks today . . .' Obviously, in the eighteen-sixties they were not looking over their shoulders—they just went ahead and built. And if today's Manchester has a fault, it is that it looks over its shoulder too much. It is rather ashamed of the dirt, the wet days, the opulent buildings: it would like to be polite. That way lies disaster; if the city of Manchester stops being commercial it will stop being patrician as well. The Manchester spirit is a sublimation of hard cash, and there is no other way to achieve it.

The sublimation of hard cash would describe the Town Hall exactly. It is a living equivalent of Bruges or Ypres—living,



Manchester Town Hall: arcading at the top of the grand staircase

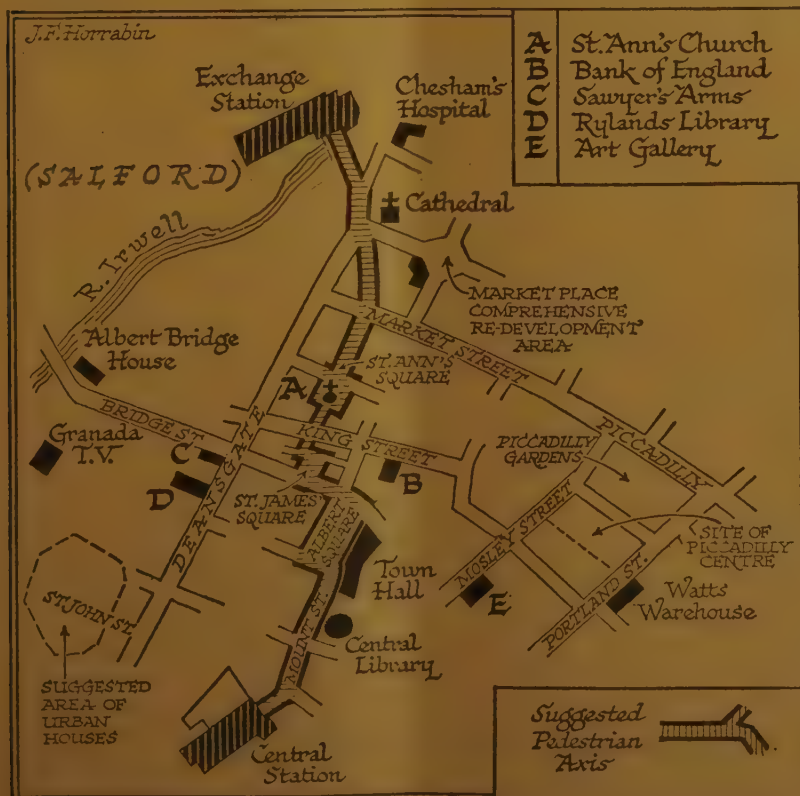
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because the hard, unlikable architect was fascinated by space, and indulged his fancy here as he did nowhere else. The outside is harsh, symmetrical, and does not tempt; but go inside! The Great Hall with its murals by Ford Madox Brown is what you are taken to see, but it is what you experience getting there that is so fantastic: a vestibule the size of a Burgundian narthex; pairs of stairwells meshing together, big and small, as though they were the works of a watch; immense corridors which have at their end a pier like the central support of a chapter-house, but off-axis (because it belongs to another stairwell). It is all summed up in the pair of arches framing the landing to the Great Hall. Each arch is divided into two, and in the spandrel above is a circle in openwork tracery supported with

superb self-confidence by six almost circular cusps. 'Look at us!', they say. 'We're here, we're ourselves and proud of it!' Perhaps I am making words mean what I want them to mean, but to me there is a nobility in that also.

The best way to come on the Town Hall is from the south, because that way it is the climax of a little lesson in abstract geometry. In sequence, up Mount Street, you see cylinder, gable end, and tower, as though it were a page from a textbook of conics. The tower is the Town Hall, the other two are the Central Library and the Town Hall extension respectively. One is Neo-Classical of 1930, one is Neo-Gothic of 1938, and both are by the same man, E. Vincent Harris; whatever you may think of the architecture you have to concede an absolute mastery in the juxtaposition of dissimilar forms.

The sequence is part of a larger one, an unrecognized life-line that runs right through Manchester, linking the Central and Exchange stations. To follow it out is to stop seeing a set of disjointed monuments and to become aware of the underlying pattern of a whole city in relationship. (And also aware of far too many motor cars, except on Sundays. When the ring road is built the whole of central Manchester would be compact enough to become pedestrian priority, with all through routes blocked to vehicles. This walk could then become a Manchester showpiece.) From Albert Square, completely given over to automotive flux and flow, with not even a seat, the route takes a sideways shift into St. James's Square, small, oblong, and firmly enclosed. It is really a most unusual size for a formal space, and it becomes more effective with each visit. At the other end, and sideways a few more yards, is a passage that leads across King Street and offers a kind of textbook of chiaroscuro in a few yards. It ends exactly on the pedi-



mented porch of St. Ann's Church, one of the most delightful townscape effects in Britain, formal yet intimate.

St. Ann's is the only Anglican church in the centre of Manchester, apart from the cathedral; all the others have been pulled down in the last few decades, which is a rather terrifying thought. It was built in 1709, and is a puzzle. The inside is simply a rather inept copy of Wren's St. James, Piccadilly, with an apse instead of a flat east end, framed by a really painful stretched arch. But the outside is very apt, and unlike any other English church of 1710—certainly unlike Wren, whose name has inevitably been suggested. What the designer did was to give the apse



The porch of St. Ann's Church seen from St. Ann's Passage

Ian Nairn: 'Architectural Review'

a giant order, but divide the sides into two storeys, divided again by framing each window with coupled pilasters, very logical and very concise. When the tower came to be reconstructed in 1777 another designer carried on with coupled pilasters to frame the belfry openings and showed the lapse in time only by a crisp frieze of swags. The controlled elegance is indeed patrician, and is a perfect match for the surrounding area, which is Manchester's Mayfair.

The cathedral, which comes into view on the other side of St. Ann's, is entirely different. Soot-black and spiky, the outside looks like an outsize example of the early nineteenth-century churches which embroider the skylines of so many Lancashire cotton towns, and of L. S. Lowry's paintings of them. Barring renewals, it is actually fifteenth century, the tower a little earlier than the rest and a clear model for that of Derby Cathedral; handsome, but not sufficiently sure of itself to be great. But the inside is great, through a complete rapport between the style of building and the spirit behind the building. The style is that clever play of surface ornament which appeared in Canterbury at Christchurch gateway. There it was applied as a fashion, and looks it; here it comes out of internal conviction and the result is a splendid consonance of form and content. (The big perpendicular churches of England are a fascinating and utterly neglected psychological study. Then as now, some designers must have felt at odds with their society while some revelled in it. Chipping Campden, in particular, must have been built by a man unhappy to the edge of hysteria.)

Stand in the nave and look up. From the bases of the piers to the roof ridge, everything is related, of a piece, speaking with the same sturdy voice: pier to capital to ornamented spandrel to clerestory to camber-beam roof. It has double aisles, so the warm brown space filters away sideways, to the point where one

cannot be quite sure where its limits are. That is late Gothic, the 'contrary' of the Perpendicular glasshouse, and so is the west-to-east proportion; six bays to the nave and six to the chancel, a relation that it is not too far-fetched to see as a faintly uneasy balance between God and man.

The cathedral was the centre of old Manchester. Around it, Chetham's Hospital and a famous half-timbered pub try to keep the close-built domestic scale. But the rest is bomb damage, and the rebuilding so far has thrown away the chance to create a precinct—the inner ring road will actually cut off the cathedral from the rest of the city, and the first comprehensive development area, immediately to the east, has resulted in an arid pedestrian-hating vortex of splay corners, inept elevations and masses of misapplied Westmorland slate.

Buildings like this can be shown a lesson in detailing by almost anything in Manchester older than the late nineteenth century; most convincingly by the innumerable warehouses and offices done up like Italian *palazzi* in the eighteen-fifties and eighteen-sixties. They are overpraised, I think, because they are fundamentally a lie and they make a terrifying rigid ring around the city centre; but within their limits, they are sound professional jobs. One of the best is the Watts warehouse in Portland Street immediately south-east of that strange floral enigma, the Piccadilly Gardens: an enigma, because the Infirmary which stood there was demolished years ago and a mysterious something has been scheduled for the site ever since. Much as I think the style of landscaping is wrong-headed in the middle of a city, the use as an open space is a matter of simple need. One has only to look at the faces of the shopping housewives as they struggle to a seat, with their children around them like so many two-legged pekinese. What the city needs most is a system of pedestrian lanes, with seats and coffee shops adjacent, threading right through it: the walk I described earlier is only the most spectacular of them.

In a couple of years the south side of the gardens will be dominated by the huge Piccadilly Centre, designed by the London firm of Covell & Matthews. It will have two tall slabs, and low buildings around the perimeter of the site, and from the drawings looks—in the architectural critic's favourite phrase—very promising. I have seen too many bright sketches and drab buildings to commit myself further. But for the moment it is nineteenth-century Manchester that provides the interest, in three buildings, two classical and one gothic. They take up the point about professional detail neatly: all three expert professional jobs, the first two works of imagination as well, the third an extremely clever but extremely empty concert performance.

The first is the Art Gallery, a little way from Piccadilly along the elegant and dignified Mosley Street. This was done by the young Sir Charles Barry in 1824, when he was only twenty-nine, and it is a delightfully young building, full of natural talent, managing the Greek vocabulary of porticoes and columns and low-relief plaques as deftly as Lawrence used to sketch his father's customers at the Bear in Devizes. It is sad that this ability was thrown away for a knighthood and Gothic inkstands but it would probably have gone anyway, because Barry carried the seeds of his own corruption: the Gothic churches he did in the eighteen-twenties, several of them around Manchester, were loveless and heartless.

Lack of integrity ruined Barry's art; too much artistic integrity forced C. R. Cockerell to be universally respected, loaded with decorations, but rarely called upon to build. He believed in grandly Roman architecture at a time when styles were ten a penny, and suffered for it. One of his best clients was the Bank of England, and the three provincial branches he built—at Bristol, Liverpool, and Manchester—are all masterpieces.

The Manchester branch is in King Street, and to reach it from the Art Gallery is a short, dignified, cross-city journey enlivened by the world-weary fun and games of Sir Edwin Lutyens's Midland Bank. When one sees it with its portico of attached giant columns and its Olympian split pediment, one suddenly realizes that the parts of classical architecture really meant something to this man. Barry's elegance could have been carried out in any style. Cockerell's grandeur is indivisible from the forms he used.

Both buildings are on the side of the angels, by which I mean

that they have the mysterious spark in them which is as elusive yet as definite as the difference between being alive and dead. The third, the Rylands Library in Deansgate, a short way from Cockerell's Bank, does not. It is tremendously clever, but it was built from the wrong place: if ever competition-winning drawings were made manifest, this is the place (another building like this is the Middlesex Guildhall in Westminster). The architect was Basil Champneys, who usually worked in a Queen Anne style: here he deserted it and whipped up a froth of late Gothic, full of expertise, but without the spark. Try it and see; and compare it with a design of a completely different type but with the spark, the Victorian pub front of the Sawyer's Arms four doors away. The give-away is the ironwork, which is as up-to-date as can be and essays the Art Nouveau that was all the rage in London. It is no good; the flame will not come, the details will not twist and writhe, they stay *lumpen*, like an old man (*i.e.* over thirty) in a Chelsea coffee bar.

Deansgate is on the Western side of Manchester, and fairly near the edge of the city, by the strange quirk of topography that has planted the recalcitrant county borough of Salford on the city's doorstep. The boundary is actually the river Irwell, black and viscous, and beside it is the tall slim white building which has crept into the sideways view along most of the Manchester streets. It is Albert Bridge House, built in 1958 by E. H. Banks of the Ministry of Works, easily the best modern building in Manchester, and an outstanding example of what good proportions and straightforward design can do.

There is no misplaced hankering after Corbusier here, just nineteen storeys, the windows gridded up into a giant frame, the



Model of the new Piccadilly Centre

lifts gathered together behind blank walls at one end. It is so unsensational that you wonder what on earth its power is—just an ordinary honest building, you feel; and then you realise what an exceptional thing that is today, as rare as finding a passage of simple straightforward English in the minutes of a conference or in Hansard. We have spun so many cocoons of artificiality, and it has become so hard to think straight, or feel straight or see straight—or to design straight.

This area by the Irwell is the new office and civic centre, a moving of Manchester's centre of gravity which could be (with the help of Salford) its liberation from the garrotter's hold of nineteenth-century industry. What it now needs more than anything else is more life. Manchester's mayor may live in the centre of his city, but he is about the only Mancunian who does. Outside the warehouse ring are the slums with too many people, Hulme and Ardwick and Miles Platting; inside, after the pubs close, a frozen iceberg with nobody at all.

A few town houses remain from eighteenth-century Manchester, the best of them in and around St. John Street, which is near Albert Bridge House and—more to the point—even nearer the new Granada television offices and studios. In other words, here is a potential city-loving population, among the actors and producers and executives. With a little co-operative effort, they could live only a few yards from their work, with the eighteenth-century houses rehabilitated and new terrace houses and flats built to fill the gaps.

Like the pedestrian walk to St. Ann's, the opportunity is there, begging to be used; surely public and private enterprise could combine to create an area that would be not only 'urban renewal' (which so often means replacing lively old dirt by dead new cleanness) but urban awakening. For fifty years now Manchester has been a nine-to-five city. As I have tried to show, it is elegant enough and humane enough to deserve a better fate than that.



Albert Bridge House

Ian Nairn: 'Architectural Review'

Horizons West

How the Vikings Discovered America—III

GWYN JONES on 'Westwards to North America'

WHEN we look below at a sea-and-land map of the northern extremities of the North Atlantic ocean, our eyes sweep from the jagged western coast of Norway, past the Faeroes and Iceland, and then past the huge ice-cap which is Greenland, on and on, ever westwards, to the shores of Canada and North America. Even by the laws of chance and probability we might well start speculating whether the same hardy race of seamen who had seen the black cliffs and white mountains of Iceland clamber over the wave-tops, and then charted the perilous course to Greenland, might not in their small, tough, square-sailed craft have pressed on and seen with astonished eyes the shores and forests of the New World.

Yet there is no need for speculation; for that is what happened. Five hundred years before the voyages of Columbus and John Cabot men of Norse blood first sighted, then landed on, and finally attempted the colonization of the North American littoral. The attempt failed; but that it was ever made is one of the most astonishing entries in the long catalogue of man's exploration of the terrestrial globe. How did it ever happen? In a sense it was the discovery of Iceland and Greenland all over again. The discovery of America came about by accident. It is not being wise after the event to say: How else could it have come about?

Think once more of this expanse of water, its size and nature. It extended from the North Cape by way of Jan Mayen Land and Iceland to the Greenland Sea and Baffin Bay. In the south one could draw the containing line from the Great Blasket in Ireland to Chesapeake Bay in the State of Maryland. The whole area is one of wild storms and immense seas, and its northerly reaches are littered with ice. This is the sea which sank the unsinkable 'Titanic'. But the Norsemen plied it in tiny ships under sail, and for centuries without so much as a compass. To get from haven to haven they relied on dead reckoning, sailing by latitude, observation of the sun and stars, the recognition of landmarks and local fauna, and such special guides as the appearance of ice, driftwood, and weed.

The Voyage of Leif Eiriksson

By way of illustration, here is the voyage that led Leif Eiriksson to the discovery of America. He was the son of Eirik the Red, the discoverer and settler of Greenland, and as remarkable a sailor as his father. He had just completed the first direct crossing from Greenland to Norway, and thereby opened up the first transatlantic trade-route known to history, and now he was bound for home. It was to prove quite a journey. He would begin by moving his ship on to the parallel of Hernar, a famous sailing mark about thirty miles north of Bergen in Norway. From there he would sail due west till he passed north of Shetland, so that he would just get a sight of land if the weather was clear. Next he would pass south of the Faeroes; in the expressive words of his sailing directions, 'so that the sea appears half-way up the hill-slopes'.

Still on the 61st parallel he would keep clear of the dangerous and harbourless south coast of Iceland, but the distinctive birds and the whales of that country would still show him exactly where he was on his final leg of 1,000 nautical miles of open sea. Eventually he would hope to sight the east Greenland coast about sixty miles north of Cape Farewell, and while he might hereabouts need to keep his eyes peeled for ice it would be a simple job of coastal navigation to get to his father's settlement in Eiriksfiord.

Wineland in the Year 1000

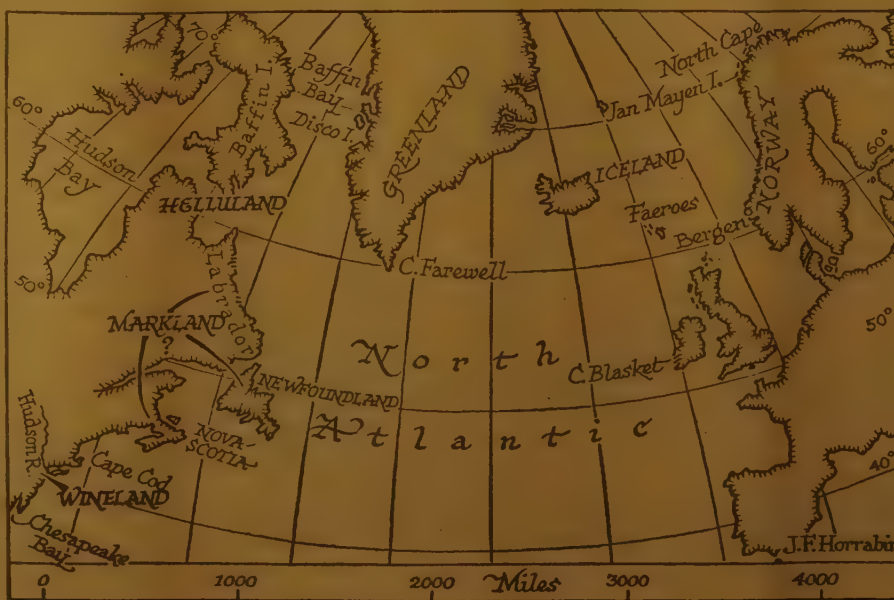
But on this particular voyage he ran into dirty weather somewhere west of the Faeroes, was driven south, and after a long and weary time of it came to a land which he not only failed to recognize but whose very existence he had never heard tell of. He and his crew found wheat-fields growing wild there, and vines, and maples, samples of which they took with them before they turned and probed for home. Probably they were somewhere south of Cape Cod. Leif's courage and resourcefulness, his skill as a seaman and power of command can hardly be overestimated, for he brought his ship and crew all safe and sound to Eiriksfiord in Greenland. The place where he found vines and grapes he called Vinland, or Wineland. This all took place in the year 1000.

According to another account America had been sighted fourteen years earlier by the Icelander Bjarni Herjolfsson, another storm-belted mariner; but Bjarni was distrustful of the new lands he saw, and made no landing. So whichever of them first saw North America, Leif was the first to go ashore. So it is to Leif—not to Bjarni—that a grateful America raised the famous statue which is such a landmark in the Icelandic capital, Reykjavik.

One expedition set out from Greenland round about 1020 with the specific ambition of making a permanent settlement in the New World. This was a force of three ships and 160 men, together with some of their wives. They took cattle with them, and various other animals too. They were under the command of Thorfinn Karlsefni—Karlsefni a nickname, with a meaning something like 'true stuff of a man'—which he unquestionably was.

They left the Eastern Settlement in the spring and sailed north along the coast as far as Disco Island. From Disco they sailed south for two days and sighted the expected land. It was all huge, flat stones and arctic foxes, and was either the southern end of Baffin Island or the coast of Labrador—no one can positively say. They called the land Helluland, Flatstone Land. They

now sailed on for another two days, altered course from south to south-east and reached another land, heavily forested this time, and called it Markland, Forest Land. This has been variously judged to be Labrador, Newfoundland, or Nova Scotia. Karlsefni did not think much of either Helluland or Markland as places to go ashore, much less make a home in; so they kept pushing on in a general southerly direction—a long way, the saga tells us, till they came to a cape, evidently a notable one, and marvel-



lously long beaches and sands, and at last to a fjord distinguished for the strength of its currents and by an island off its mouth. There were so many eider-duck on this island that one could not set foot between their eggs. And these duck-eggs were hardly thicker on the ground than modern attempts to identify the island and the fjord have been. The best shot, to my mind, is Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's, that Karlsefni had brought his ships as far south as Long Island Sound, and that the island was Fisher's Island.

Then arose a difference of opinion whether they should seek north or south for Leif's old landfall in Vinland. A small party insisted on exploring northwards before sailing for home, but their ship was eventually cast away in Ireland and the crew enslaved. But Karlsefni took the rest of them still further south, probably on down to the mouth of the Hudson River, and here they saw their first American Indians. The encounter went off peacefully, and it was here in the neighbourhood of New York that they spent their second winter, a mild and easy one.

These Indians struck the tall Norsemen as on the short side; they found them ugly, and were not the last travellers to find the way they wore their hair highly disconcerting. The accuracy of the sagas in describing what the Indians looked like, how they dressed, their peace and war signals, the sort of weapons they used, the food they ate—pemmican, for instance—and even occasional attempts at American Indian words from further north is most impressive.

In the spring the Indians returned; in so many skin-canoes that the bay, says the chronicler, looked as though sown with charcoal. They began trading, on the well-known white man's pattern: Karlsefni and his men collected furs and skins; the Red Men received ever-diminishing strips of scarlet cloth. All seemed to be going well when Karlsefni's bull came charging out of the forest, bellowing at full toss. The terrified Indians raced for their canoes, paddled madly south past the headland, and for three weeks the Norsemen saw not so much as a feather of them.

Then came the Indian attack. In poured the canoes to land, and out poured the Indians, and up poured a great shower of missiles. Among other weapons of war they had a kind of ballista which flung a huge ball, closely comparable in size and colour to a sheep's paunch, into the ranks of Karlsefni's men. Soon the Norsemen broke rank and fled, and it was only the ferocity of Leif's sister Freydis—Eirik the Red's family was represented on all these expeditions—that saved the day.

So Karlsefni had to recognize the inevitable. Vinland was not for him. As he said, the land was a fine one, but they would always be haunted by fear and strife because of the natives; nor could they hope to maintain a settlement at the end of so long and tenuous a line of communications with the tiny population back at home in Greenland. They returned to Long Island Sound for the third winter, then withdrew to the north, and after more trouble with Indians sailed off to Greenland. Karlsefni, a cool, commanding man, brought his ship safely home, but her sister ship went down with the loss of her master and half her crew.

This was the end of any effective attempt to colonize America. The next expedition was quenched in its own blood; and when



Statue of Leif Eiriksson, which stands in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland

100 years later the Bishop of Greenland set sail for Vinland neither he nor his ship was ever heard of again. For a while ships from Greenland continued to fetch timber from Markland: we hear of such a journey as late as 1347, with its staggering implication that the Norsemen were in touch with the North American continent for no less than 350 years. But thereafter there was silence. The Greenlanders had neither the resources nor the weapons to master the New World; soon, in any case, they would enter their own northern night and be lost to human memory.

So there it is: Iceland, Greenland, America—among the most prodigious feats of seafaring in human history. Naddod and Gardar; Gunnbjorn and Eirik the Red; Bjarni and Leif and Karlsefni—their small ships crossing unknown seas to unknown lands, mariners every bit as remarkable as Columbus, Magellan, Drake, and Cook. What have they left behind them? In America a lodgment for three years, and not so much as an axe-head to mark it. In Greenland 500 years of hope, struggle, and despair, ending in extinction. In Iceland a bastion of civilization and one of the world's oldest democracies, still flourishing—indeed flourishing more than ever.

I do not think the seafarers of old, scudding westwards over the ocean, making strange landfalls, should be judged by the success or failure of the communities they tried to establish. They belonged to the last flowering of a true heroic age. The great business

of life was to fight hard and leave a good name behind one. This they did, and in finding new horizons west, most of all they found themselves.—*Home Service*

At Hans Andersen's Birthplace

Odense, Denmark

Sunlight folds back pages of quiet shadows against the whitewashed walls of his birthplace. Tourists move through crowded antiseptic rooms and ponder what row after row of glass-cased papers ought to prove

Somehow the long-nosed gangling boy who was only at home in fairy-land, has left no clues.

The tinder-box of time we rub answers us each the way we choose.

For kings have now no daughters left for prizes. Swineherds must remain swineherds; not a spell can make the good man prince, psychiatrists have dredged up wonder from the wishing well.

The whole of his terrible, tiny world might be dismissed as a beautiful madman's dream, but that each of us knows whenever we move out from the warmth of our loneliness, we may be wearing the Emperor's new clothes.

MAURICE LINDSAY

Exemption Clauses and Third Parties

By G. H. TREITEL

A MAN who makes a contract is often handed or asked to sign a printed paper setting out the terms of the contract. One of these terms may be an exemption clause. That is, it may provide that the other party to the contract is not to be liable for any damage which he may do, or that he is to be liable only to a limited extent. Anyone who has read a laundry receipt will have seen one of these clauses. An exemption clause is binding on a person who suffers loss in the sense that it prevents him from suing the other party to the contract or from recovering more than a limited amount. But the person who is protected by the exemption clause does not necessarily perform the whole contract himself. He may employ servants or agents to do part of the work. If the other party to the contract suffers loss through the fault of these servants or agents he can usually hold them liable for this loss. If he sues them, the question may arise whether they can shelter behind an exemption clause in the contract between the injured party and their employer.

The Stevedores and the Chemicals

This question came before the Court of Appeal in the recent case of *Midland Silicones Ltd. v. Scruttons Ltd.*¹ In that case the plaintiffs owned a drum of chemicals which had been carried to England on a ship belonging to an American company. The contract of carriage limited the liability of the carriers to \$500 per packet. The carriers engaged a firm of stevedores to unload the cargo and sort it, and to hand each item of cargo over to its owner. The plaintiffs sent a lorry to collect their drum, but while the stevedores were loading the drum on to this lorry they negligently dropped it and did £593 worth of damage to it. The owners of the drum sued the stevedores for the whole of this amount. The stevedores admitted that they were liable but argued that their liability was limited to \$500 under the contract of carriage.

The main objection to this argument is that, as a general rule, only the parties to a contract are legally entitled to claim the benefits arising under it. In the *Midland Silicones* case the clause limiting liability was part of the contract of carriage between the owners of the drum and the carriers. The stevedores were not parties to this contract, so that according to the general rule they were not entitled to the benefit of the limitation clause. They therefore argued that there was an exception to the general rule. They argued that when a principal contractor employs servants or agents to perform the contract, then those servants or agents can take advantage of any immunity which the contract confers on their principal.

There was at one time some support in the authorities for this view. But the Court of Appeal had already in another case in 1955² ruled against it. In the *Midland Silicones* case the Court followed this case and so rejected the stevedores' main argument.

Grounds of Convenience

Lawyers who in the past have supported this argument have done so on grounds of convenience. They say that exemption clauses would be largely futile if the injured parties could always get round them by suing the servants or agents of the protected party. The Court of Appeal in the *Midland Silicones* case said that what was convenient for one party was not necessarily so for the other. The carrier might find it convenient to have the stevedores protected. The owner of the cargo might not. The argument of convenience was not strong enough to establish as a general rule that employees should be able to shelter behind exemption clauses protecting their employers. But it does not follow that they can never do so. They may be able to rely on a number of arguments.

The first may be called the agency argument. A man is in law regarded as a party to a contract, even though he does not make it himself, if it is made on his behalf by his agent. This idea was applied in the nineteenth century to cases in which a passenger took a railway ticket for a journey over lines belonging to several different companies. If the ticket said that he travelled at his own risk, this protected all the companies over whose lines he travelled, and not only the one which had issued the ticket³. The company that had issued the ticket was regarded as the agent of all the other companies for the purpose of contracting with the passenger. In the *Midland Silicones* case the agency argument did not help the stevedores. There was nothing to show that the carriers had acted as the agents of the stevedores for the purpose of limiting their liability. The carriers had not even provided in the contract of carriage that the liability of the stevedores should be limited. They had only limited their own liability.

Another argument on which the third party may sometimes rely is the implied contract argument. Persons who make a contract need not say in so many words: we agree to such and such terms. It may be possible to infer this from the way in which they behaved. There is then said to be an implied contract. This may help to explain a difficult case which came before the House of Lords in 1924⁴. In that case a company made a contract with the owner of some palm oil to carry it from West Africa to England. This contract provided that the company was not to be liable if the oil was damaged by bad stowage. The company did not carry the oil in one of its own ships but chartered a ship from a third party for this purpose. The oil was damaged by bad stowage on this ship, and the question was whether the owner of the ship was liable for this damage. It was held that he was not liable because he was protected by the exemption clause. The difficulty is that the exemption clause was part of a contract between the company and the owner of the oil. The shipowner was clearly not a party to this contract, which was the only express contract in the case.

A Further Implied Contract?

But there may have been a further implied contract between the shipowner and the owner of the oil. When the oil was put on board, the ship's captain signed a contract on behalf of the company exempting it from liability. At this moment one can imagine him saying to the owner of the oil: I will take your goods on board on the understanding that you will not hold the shipowner liable either. And the owner of the oil may have agreed to this by entrusting the oil to the captain's care. Of course nothing like this was said in so many words. But the owner of the oil may have acted on this footing and so have impliedly agreed to exempt the shipowner from liability. In the *Midland Silicones* case a similar argument was put forward but failed. The owners of the drum of chemicals never entrusted the drum to the stevedores. They and the stevedores had never come into contact with each other so that no agreement between them could be implied.

One further argument could be put forward on behalf of the third party. This is based on the rule that a person cannot complain of an injury if he agrees to suffer it or if he voluntarily runs the risk of it. A man who agrees to have a tooth pulled out cannot sue his dentist for assault. Someone who deliberately walks into a burning house cannot complain if he is injured in the fire. It has been suggested that a person who makes a contract containing an exemption clause may voluntarily run the risk of the sort of harm specified by the clause. But there are many ways of defeating this argument. The contract may only exempt the principal contractor from liability. If so, the other party may have voluntarily run the risk of being harmed by him, but

¹ (1960) 3 W.L.R. 372 ² *Adler v. Dickson* (1955) 1 Q.B. 158 ³ *Hall v. N.E.R.* (1875) L.R. 10 Q.B. 437 ⁴ *Elder, Dempster & Co. v. Paterson, Zochonis & Co.* (1924) A.C. 522

not by his employees. Or the contract may not exclude liability altogether but only limit it. If so, the injured party has not voluntarily run the risk of harm at all. He has only agreed to be content with a limited amount of compensation. For both these reasons the argument that the plaintiff voluntarily ran the risk of damage would not have helped the stevedores in the *Midland Silicones* case. The clause there did not refer to the stevedores, and it only limited liability.

These difficulties could be overcome by redrafting the exemption clause. But there are others. A man may sign a written contract without reading it. He is then bound by any exemption clause in it. But if he has not read the clause there would be no evidence that he voluntarily ran the risk of the sort of harm specified in it. Even if he has read the clause, this could only show that he voluntarily ran the risk of harm. But by the time the harm is done this may be quite irrelevant. A cargo may be, and often is, sold while still on board ship. If so, it will not help the employees of the carrier to show that the seller knew of an exemption clause in the contract of carriage. The harm is suffered by the buyer, so that the crucial question is whether he has read the exemption clause and has voluntarily run the risk. There is no convenient way in which the employees of the carrier can find out the answer to this question. They will be left in complete uncertainty as to their liability. This uncertainty is a strong practical argument against applying the doctrine of voluntary assumption of risk to these cases.

A More Theoretical Argument

There is also a more theoretical argument which leads to the same result. The doctrine of assumption of risk applies where a man agrees to suffer some specific harm, like having a tooth out, and where he exposes himself to some existing source of danger, like a burning house. It is very doubtful whether the doctrine applies at all where a man is said voluntarily to accept the general risk of being injured at some future time by someone else's negligence. In the exemption clause cases the only risk which the injured party can be said to accept is that the other party or his servants or agents may injure him by their negligence. The courts may hold that such a general risk does not come within the doctrine of voluntary assumption of risk at all.

In the *Midland Silicones* case none of these arguments helped the stevedores. The most important single reason for this was that the contract only purported to protect the carrier and did not even mention the stevedores. Redrafting the contract might in a future case produce a different result. But it would not be enough simply to say that the stevedores should also be protected. This was decided in a case in 1946⁵ in which the London Passenger Transport Board issued a pass allowing the holder to travel free of charge on its buses. One of the conditions printed on the pass was that neither the Board *nor its servants* should be liable to the holder for loss of life or injury. In spite of this express provision protecting the servants one of the servants of the Board was held liable to the holder of the pass for negligently injuring him.

A more elaborate way of protecting the third party is to say in the contract that the principal contractor acts as agent for the third party for the purpose of exempting him from liability. But even this may not be enough. A person is not another's agent simply because he says so. He has to be authorized to act for the other. If he does an unauthorized act, the person for whom it is done can get the benefit of it only by ratifying it. So a third party on whose behalf an exemption clause is put into a contract can get the benefit of it by ratifying it. The only snag is that he must ratify before he does any damage. As soon as he does damage the person who suffers it has a legal right to sue him. That right cannot be taken away by subsequent ratification.

Another possibility is that one party to the contract may authorize the other to make a contract directly between him and the third party. A contract of carriage, for instance, could contain a clause by which the cargo-owner authorized the carrier to make a contract between cargo-owner and stevedores. When the carrier engaged the stevedores he would then make two contracts—one between the stevedores and himself and one between the stevedores and the cargo-owner. This second contract would protect the stevedores from liability for damage to the cargo. But even this device is not perfect. The second contract might only protect the

firm of stevedores. It might not protect the workmen employed by that firm.

These are by no means all the possible devices that could be used to make exemption clauses available to third parties. Some of them will not work at all. Others will work in favourable circumstances. No one can be sure whether any particular form of words will protect third parties in all cases. The law on this point is for the time being uncertain. The question now is: how should this uncertainty be resolved?

One view is that exemption clauses ought never to protect third parties at all. Those who take this view do so because they think that exemption clauses are bad in themselves. They regard the rule that exemption clauses do not protect third parties as a good one simply because it often allows injured parties to get round exemption clauses. This rule, they say, ought not to be defeated by mere draftsmanship. Of course, no-one likes exemption clauses when they are imposed by a supplier of goods or services on an unwary customer. In these cases the supplier may easily get an unfair advantage over the customer, and this gives rise to a serious social problem. But giving the injured party a remedy against the third party is not a very satisfactory way of solving this problem. If the injured party ought to have a remedy at all, he should have it whether or not a third party is involved. It would be much better to attack the problem directly by making exemption clauses in certain contracts invalid. In a few cases parliament has already passed legislation to this effect.

Those who think that third parties should be protected by exemption clauses say that in commercial contracts between business men who bargain on equal terms exemption clauses are perfectly fair. Their object is not to give one party an unfair advantage but to create certainty. It is important for all those concerned with the performance of such a contract to know in advance which of them is going to be liable for any damage so that he can insure against it. The exemption clause is meant to give a clear answer to this question. If the contracting parties wish to answer it by protecting third parties, there is no harm in allowing them to do so.—*Third Programme*

THE LISTENER

next week will be an

AUTUMN BOOK NUMBER

and will include

The Metamorphosis of the Gods. By André Malraux
Reviewed by Lawrence Alloway

The Reign of George III. By J. Steven Watson
Reviewed by Lucy Sutherland

The Memoirs of Lord Ismay
Reviewed by H. R. Trevor-Roper

A Critical History of English Literature
By David Daiches
Reviewed by Bonamy Dobrée

A Study in Yellow. By Katherine Lyon Mix
Reviewed by William Plomer

A Nation Reborn. By R. H. S. Crossman
Reviewed by C. M. Woodhouse

Letters from a Soldier. By Walter Robson
Reviewed by Roy Fuller

Jean-Paul Sartre. By Philip Thody.
Reviewed by Stuart Hampshire

⁵ *Cosgrove v. Horsfall* (1946) 62 T.L.R. 140

The Dragon in Cyrenaica

By GWYN WILLIAMS



ONCE met a small dragon—or at least I thought I had. It was in southern Sinai, and the creature, horny and armoured, carrying his tail high, was well over a yard long. He was one of the huge lizards to be found in different parts of the world, and he seemed just as frightened as I was. I was glad to be on the back of a camel.

The dragon, in some form or other, has ranged the world as freely as a fact-finder. You will come across him, in art, mythology, and folk-lore, from China to Peru, from Wales to central Australia. He appears sometimes with legs, as in the Chinese and Welsh dragons, sometimes without, as in Australia and present-day Benghazi. Visitors to the eastern capital of Libya are puzzled by the municipal sign of a serpent coiled round a tree, which is in use today on litter-boxes in the city. It may suggest vaguely medical associations to them; or they may think of the Garden of Eden and, unaware of the topographical source of some of the earthly paradisaical imagery in English poetry, they may ask what the Garden of Eden has to do with Cyrenaica. But this sinuous and now urbanized beast is not, as they may think, the serpent coiled about the tree of knowledge. He is the dragon Ladon, who once protected the golden apples of the Garden of the Hesperides, which ancient writers locate near Benghazi and near the entrance to the underworld, near Lethe, the river of oblivion. The Greek word *drakon* means serpent.

In the newly discovered mosaic pavement in the sixth-century church at Qasr Lebia, in the heart of the Cyrenaican Green Mountain, there is an amusing scene in which a crocodile has a cow by the nose while the owner desperately hangs on to the cow's tail. That crocodile is behaving very like a dragon. And on the floor of the main body of the church there are two fierce amphibious monsters with two front legs and a tail.

An Italian translation of Munster's *Cosmography*, published at

Cologne in 1575, offers another possible source for the Cyrenaican dragon. The writer, whose authority here seems to be Pliny, talks of the lions, wild asses, serpents, and asps that breed in the mountainous part of Cyrenaica. But the most harmful of all is the basilisk, which the author describes in some detail. The woodcut illustration [reproduced above] gives a bloated, spiritless, decadent dragon with a sharp-pointed crown growing out of its head. The author claims that there is no greater pest on earth than this and that it is able to terrify a whole community.

Before the war, and preparations for war, spoilt our desert playgrounds, we used to drive out from the Pyramids of Giza westwards into the Libyan Desert to an outcrop of rocks known to us as the Salamander Hills, to try to catch a glimpse of the strange crested lizards that live in the crevices in the rocks. They may have been the original basilisks, but though we slept in the open in the shelter of their rocks they never harmed us.

The prehistoric world was dominated by different kinds of dragons. The fearsome flying monsters we are familiar with in the *Illustrated London News*, and almost any of the extinct saurians would qualify as origins. For that matter they may not all be extinct. The fishing up of the coelacanth has strengthened the case of the Loch Ness monster. I hope no one revives the *afanc* which used to emerge from a lake near my house in Cardiganshire to devour cattle. Some hero must have settled his hash, and I can look forward to a retirement of undisturbed cattle-breeding.

Yes, the dragon may be an unconscious memory of the monsters which terrorized the world when an adventurous creature came bravely out of the water and began to mutate towards humanity. But I still think that the dragon St. George killed in Cyrenaica was a crocodile. Many heroes in mythology and primitive literature have killed monsters, and this may be taken either as a myth of man's struggle to dominate the physical world or as a ritual performance to set the world free from the grip of winter. For the classical world all this was crystallized in the story of Perseus and Andromeda. You may remember that Andromeda was the daughter of the King of Ethiopia. (How refreshing and how timely it is to think that in spite of all the white-skinned drooping nudes of the painters she may have been black.) Her mother boasted that she was more beautiful than the Nereids, and this annoyed Poseidon, who sent a sea-monster to ravage the country. The oracle of Ammon, in the Libyan oasis of Siwa, promised relief if the girl were chained to a rock near the sea, to be devoured by the monster. This was done, but Perseus, who happened to be passing, killed the monster, and married the girl.

This rescue is usually said to have taken place at Joppa in Palestine, the present-day Jaffa, and I have been shown the rock to which the girl is said to have been chained. But the ancient writers, as usual, do not agree on the location. Lucian, in one of his lively *Dialogues of the Sea-gods*, says the Perseus was flying to Libya on an expedition against the Gorgons. He cut off Medusa's head and flew on. Nearing the Ethiopian coast, where ever that may have been, he caught sight of Andromeda chained to her rock, attacked the monster with his curved sword, and then turned him to stone by showing him the Gorgon's head. On ancient maps Ethiopia formed the hinterland of Libya, running across central Africa, much as the



'Perseus and Andromeda', by Titian

The Wallace Collection

Sudan does today, in French terminology at least. The sea coast of Ethiopia is therefore more likely to have been that of Libya than any outlet Ethiopia may have had to the little-known Red Sea or Indian Ocean, which would have been impossible off the line of Perseus's return journey in any case.

According to the later traditions of the ancient Greeks, the Gorgons lived in Libya and terrorized the neighbourhood of Lake Tritonis, which some ancient writers identify with the lagoon behind Benghazi. They were women, of a sort, but instead of hair they had hissing snakes on their heads, and they had wings and claws of brass. Anything they looked at turned to stone. An early 'debunker' of mythology, a certain Procles of North African Carthage, quoted by Pausanias, took the view that they were wild men and women from the desert interior of Libya who preyed upon the more peaceful coast dwellers. But we may prefer to think of them as a mythical explanation of the stony nature of North Africa, perhaps even of the geological process of fossilization. In the Libyan Desert one will find plenty of trees and bones, even human bones, that have been turned to stone. As you might expect, Medusa's head is commonly to be found carved in stone on the monuments of North Africa, and there is a good mosaic representation of her on the floor of a hellenistic palace at Tolmeta. The authorities prudently keep her face covered.

A possible link between the Cyrenaican Medusa and the dragon-monster we are pursuing may be offered by a Greek vase at present in the Louvre. It is a big clay storage jar of the seventh century B.C., and depicts Perseus cutting off the head of a Medusa, who is a woman down to the waist and some kind of rough-haired, long-tailed, four-legged animal from the waist downwards.

Why have I been trying to connect the monster killed by Perseus with St. George's dragon? Obviously because the St. George story is the christianization of a pagan myth; but particularly because the first full version we have of the story of St. George and the Dragon specifically places the killing and the rescue in Libya. It occurs in the thirteenth century *Legenda Aurea* of the Italian bishop Jacobus de Voragine. I quote from the first lines of Sabine Baring-Gould's translation of the tale:

'George, a tribune, was born in Cappadocia, and came to Libya, to the town called Silene, near which was a pond infested by a monster'. We are then told of the poisonous breath of this monster and how, to keep it away from the walls, the citizens sacrificed animals to it. When there were no more animals, their sons and daughters were chosen by lot, until it came to the turn of the princess. She was saved by George, who, like Perseus, happened to be passing by.

Other, later versions of the story give us the princess as shut up in a castle, with all within dying for lack of water, which could be obtained only from a fountain at the base of the hill, guarded by a dragon; from this St. George delivered them. Such a version, to anyone familiar with the typical Roman fort or township or fortified farm in the Jebel Akhdar part of Cyrenaica, with well and cisterns lower down the slope and the fort or farm perched on a rock above the cultivable land, is perhaps the more realistically Cyrenaican form of the story.

But where was this Silene, where George



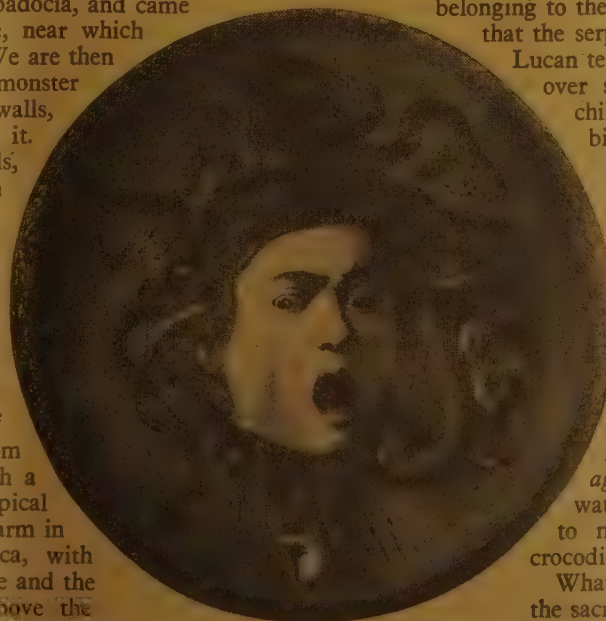
'Perseus cutting off the head of Medusa': a relief on a Greek vase of the seventh century B.C., in the Louvre, Paris

killed the dragon? My first shot at identification was Slonta or Slunt, a very small place indeed today, on the south road between Barce and Cyrene. Silene could well have become Slonta. In the Berber language the t-affix is frequently added to words, at either end, to make the feminine of a noun or a diminutive form. A map of North Africa gives any number of place names beginning and ending with 't', Tuat, Tuggurt, Takrift, Tert, Sirte, Misrata, Slonta. Slonta may therefore derive from Silene, which is itself a typically Berber name. The situation of Slonta is suitable, a fortified place on a hill-top, an outpost of the Roman world, with wells below and a depression which could well have been a swamp in rainier times. I wondered whether the mysterious rock-carvings at Slonta, vaguely referred to as primitive Libyan by the archaeologists, could represent sacrifices to the monster, particularly since the grotesque figure cut in the round at the entrance to the shrine reminds me strongly of the Egyptian monster-god Bes, who is closely associated with the dragon.

There are other possibilities. There was a tribe called the Seli living along the Syrtic coast, and two towns are marked as belonging to them in ancient times. Oric Bates suggests that the serpent was their totem animal. Pliny and

Lucan tell us that these people had special power over serpents, and that they exposed their children to a bite from a serpent after birth. Then, one day, as I was planning an excursion into the Jebel, my eye fell on the name Gasr Silina on the map. Gasr means fort or castle, and Gasr Silina is marked on the Society of Antiquaries' map of the Roman province of Cyrene on a minor Roman road. On looking at a modern map of this area I found no sign of Gasr Silina, but marked at about the same spot the words El Aggar u-Silina. A student who comes from the Jebel Akhdar tells me that *aggarah* is a local word for a pool of water left by a flood: just the thing to make a swamp and to keep a holy crocodile in.

Whatever beast the Cyrenaican dragon was, the sacrifices associated with him suggest ritual practices, so that the story of his killing may be that of the end of paganism and the christianizing of Cyrenaica.—*Third Programme*



A painting by Caravaggio of the head of Medusa, best known of the Gorgons
Uffizi Gallery, Florence

* The attribution to Francesco Salviati of the picture of St. George Killing the Dragon on our cover was made by Mr. Philip Pouncey, Deputy Keeper of the department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum.

Procrustes and His Scientific Bedstead

By MAGNUS PYKE

STEPHEN LEACOCK once defined an average Englishwoman as one who was thirty-three years old, five feet two inches tall, weighing nine stone four, with 1.7 children, and who lived in the middle of the Bristol Channel. Whether we accept this description or not we have always realized that only the 'average' person is capable of sleeping in the bed of Procrustes without discomfort. Since all the rest of us possess some individual idiosyncrasies, we are likely to get hurt. And the modern scientific bedstead imposes itself on our human personalities in a number of peculiarly painful ways.

Training the Factory Worker

This problem, of how best the up-to-date citizen should approach the ordeal presented by the latter-day Procrustes who is lying in wait for us unwary travellers, has already been studied by one or two serious scientific investigators. For example, Dr. Taylor and Dr. Garvey of the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, writing in the technical journal, *Ergonomics*, have raised the question of the best way to get people to do industrial work in factories. In the last century Procrustes the robber had it all his own way. The workers were tied to their machines, and the racking and lopping of the Procrustean bed, applied for fourteen hours a day, six days a week, soon induced tuberculosis, weavers' tooth, silicosis, cancer, high infant mortality, and general misery. Thesus with his Factory Acts has swung the balance since then. Today Drs. Taylor and Garvey are arguing whether by exercise and practice we cannot now more painlessly fit ourselves into the bedstead of life in an industrial society. The procedure is to take the new entrant to the factory and subject him to a course of industrial training so that he learns not to snip off his fingers by cleaning machines while they are still moving. Factory girls are trained not only to remember always to wear a cover over their hair to avoid scalping themselves but how to handle the components with which they deal effortlessly and quickly.

In many industrial concerns there is an elaborate organization of training. Instructions on how the knobs should be turned, the levers pulled, and the drills and punches operated is an elementary part of the business. Foremen, charge-hands, supervisors, and others of higher rank still are painstakingly moulded so that their natural length and breadth can better fit the exigencies of industrial life among the machines. The thesis of industrial training requires not only that ingenuous youth should fit the environment of the modern technological scene but that the whole social body within the factory should conform as well. The requirements of modern industry inevitably tend to produce unnatural social pressures. Among the hundreds or thousands in a single plant there will be groups with different motives and purpose. For some, the purpose is that the total organization should produce its end-product at full speed; for others, the predominance of one department is the goal. There will be some who want money, others conversation, while a number are itching to go home.

Comfortable in Bed

Not all these partly conflicting desires can be fulfilled; the necessity to conform causes the pains of the Procrustean bed of industrial employment. The deformities inflicted on technological communities are all too apparent: industrial discontent at work and an impossible life at home. The accepted division of a lifetime into the blank part during the time occupied in paid employment and a man's employment of his time otherwise, is of itself a mark of something wrong. The training department of the really up-to-date factory sets out to smooth over all these difficulties and frictions. It is not enough to teach a man to get into the bed

of Procrustes, it is also highly desirable to make him feel comfortable in it.

Some of the people who have been thinking about these matters have conceived the idea that there can be another approach to the problem. For example, if there is a complicated piece of machinery which demands that the operator watch a dial above his head and compares its reading with a thermometer beside him, at the same time that he stands to work a lever with his left foot while pushing a plastic cylinder through an opening with one hand and bringing down a plunger with the other, the training officer will work out a system by which this rigmarole can be accomplished with fewest mistakes and least fatigue.

An entirely different approach is that of the 'human engineer'. This man's aim is rather than fit the workman to the machine to fit the machine to the man. Rather than training the operator to turn a knob in a peculiar way, the human engineer tries to design the machine so that the way it comes natural to the man to turn the knob is the way it should be turned. Procrustes demands that the engine driver shall stand peering out of his cab on a cold, dark night straining as he flies by to catch sight of the appropriate colour signal high up on the gantry. And if he fails to see it and wrecks the train, he is to blame as having failed to fit himself into the required bed. On the other hand, the human engineer will have nothing to do with conformity to this harsh ironmongery. He will first consider whether the driver is provided with an environment reasonably suited to his human needs, whether he can be expected to see properly, and whether the signal light is at an appropriate height, whether it is bright enough to be seen, or whether, indeed, a light is the best kind of signal to use at all.

Bread and Jam, but No Calcium

There are a number of useful points to be learned from some of the separate aspects of the technological life to which we have to conform that may be helpful in our task of living the life as a whole. For example, although the principal harm we suffer in stuffing ourselves into Procrustes's bed is the damage to our mind and spirit in travelling about in crowded buses and working in noisy factories, there is also some damage to health. Urban diet may be unsatisfactory. The amount of calcium in it, let us say, is inadequate. That is, the amount of calcium we lose each day is more than the amount available from the meals that Procrustes gives us. The bread from the cereal chemist is good and of high quality; the jam is free from harmful preservatives; we suffer no damage from the theobromine we consume in tea, indeed as a social drug it would be hard to find its equal; the diet as a whole, made up of all the fine products of the food industry, is varied and ample—and yet, partly because of the very affluence of our accustomed metabolic standard of living, our body's stocks of calcium are being slowly reduced. We are, as it is put, in 'negative calcium balance'.

This problem, too, can be approached from diametrically different directions. One way is to make good the seeming defect by enriching the diet still further. This is the official British solution. It is decreed, following the best scientific advice, that 14 ounces of chalk—that is, calcium carbonate of the highest quality—shall be added to each 280 lb. sack of the national flour. Exhortations to drink milk, if attention is paid to them, will have the same effect. By this means one of the disadvantages of modern life in the Procrustean bed—a minor one, to be sure, since the harm, at least to adults, of a negative calcium balance is not very clear—is made less disagreeable. But there is another way out. Bantus in South Africa avoid the drawbacks of this aspect of civilization. They habituate themselves to a diet different from ours, their consumption of calcium is much less, but so also is the amount of calcium they lose. In fact, while eating less richly and with less

reliance on the resources of food technology, they have, by long custom, adapted themselves to what they eat, and without the need for added chalk (even of the highest quality) they are 'in calcium balance' but at a lower level of dietary income and expenditure than ourselves.

The final result of being compressed into a too-small island, of being crushed into a too-small car on an inadequate road, of being stupefied by too little spiritual elbow-room at the automated factory by day and at the television by night—or, on the other hand, of being stretched by too much air travel, too many international conferences and, by reason of the efficiency of modern radio communications, suffering from too widely diffuse *Weltschmerz*—weeping for the Congolese, the Finns, the Wagga Wagga, and the Tierra del Fuegoans—all this is killing. One of the diseases of scientific technology with the highest mortality is retirement. When the pressures and tensions of the Procrustean bed are released the victim often dies. At a recent meeting of the Institute of Biology at which these topics were discussed a clinical expert expressed the opinion that the best therapeutic treatment—often the *only* successful treatment—to keep alive the ailing veteran, set to enjoy hard-earned retirement after a lifetime of coal-mining, is to send him down the mine again. After a sufficiently long time under pressure we come at last to fit in. To retire out of bed is lethal.

We must not be sentimental about this and pretend that we should now enjoy the life we once had away from the ubiquitous complexities of the products of science and technology. The busy life of the chemical factory, with its air-conditioning, transistorized portable radio sets, and quick-frozen fish-fingers has too many attractions. In the Victorian age, the moralists could say 'go to the ant, thou sluggard'. Today, since we are not prepared to resist the attractions of the iron bedstead, we must learn to conform to it as best we may. It is, therefore, good advice to look to the camel.

Of all creation the camel seems most palpably to have contorted itself to fit into a crippling environment. It is too big to avoid the heat by burrowing as the kangaroo rat does. In actual fact, it is *not* capable of storing water in its hump. This idea is a myth. It subsists so long on an exiguous water supply by a variety of biochemical expedients. To save losing water in the excretion of nitrogenous wastes, it is capable of reprocessing a part of its own excretion. To cope with the heat of the midday desert, it 'swings with the punch'. As the day gets hotter, the camel's own temperature rises up to 105 degrees or so. At night it can let its temperature drop down to 93 degrees. Its shaggy wool may not be elegant but it insulates it from the direct heat of the sun.

The camel is inured to heat and drought and a diet of thorns, which are its Procrustean couch, following the lapse of generations. The beasts best able to stand the natural conditions of the desert came to be the ones who lived there. But Dr. Kettlewell, at Oxford, can tell us that such conditions need not be those imposed by nature. The moth *Biston betularia* accustomed to avoiding the attention of the birds that eat it by harmonizing with the trunks of trees on which it settled, journeyed to a part of the country where the tree-trunks were blackened by the smoke of industry. Once again Procrustes demanded a mutilation (or at least a change) as the price of survival. Now, where the species *Homo sapiens* (man) works to conform to the conditions of life inside the factories while, outside, the factories darken the country around, the species *Biston betularia* (moth) has become black too, and is called today *Biston betularia carbonaria*.

Today this is the only way. Procrustes stops every traveller. If you wish to pass, you must first attend the industrial training school to learn to fit the scientific bedstead. But perhaps tomorrow Theseus, a student of ergonomics, will discover how to fit machines to people instead of people to machines and so slay the robber.

Three Poems

Financial Statement

Having squandered love in lies, I have no coin
In which to pay my debt of admiration
But this repentant longing for a passion
Unwisely promised far beyond my means.

And the best compliment I can afford
Is now the bankrupt's wish he had not spent
Such casual sums on what he did not want,
Such cunning in devaluing his word,

Being too greedy and too glib to wait
For what was worth his money, but came too late.

FRANCIS HOPE

Return by Rail

Red ash, and pennine ram
Crook-horned in gale-blown golds of light,
Stand incidental, now; like that thick farm
Saxon and desolate,

Cold home for honest gutturals,
Bare banquet and good anger; or,
Morose in face, a following of frosty gulls,
They'd handle a hard plough,

Be singular. What craft
Their cool blood warmed to, cool pride knew,
Carved cross and tool; what wit,
Made sorrows out of snow,

Elation out of bluebell bloom,
At home like guineas gripped rare festivals—
No seaside jaunt, no journeying men
Like this one in return by rail

Through a blown wold at large,
Compartmented with brief-case, polished boot,
Conversation in blue serge,
Motive in pin-stripe suit,

And each gold windowy gust
To show the eye inside return by rail
Three times a shivering ram, that crooked ash,
That unmoored, dwindling discipline of dale.

H. W. MASSINGHAM

The Picnic

This is what picnicking is for.
Giorgione understood the scene:
A distant shedhand, flutes and wine,
Two graziers, and in the fore-
Ground such young women as Dior
Might dream of, if they had not been
So elegantly naked, seen
One from the side and one before.
Their loveliness is commonplace
To roving dogmen in the south,
And where's the man to take offence
When such a form meets such a face,
Even if you should give your mouth
To me in wanton innocence?

DAVID CAMPBELL

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

September 21-27

Wednesday, September 21

Britain to start talks with Canada and France about forming a club of Western nations to undertake a space and satellite programme

Colonel Mobutu says that he has asked the United Nations to withdraw from the Congo the troops sent by Guinea and Ghana as part of the U.N. force

Thursday, September 22

President Eisenhower, speaking in the U.N. General Assembly, calls on the world to keep weapons of mass destruction from outer space and to join in a drive in Africa against poverty, illiteracy, and disease

Violent demonstrations take place in St. Pancras after two council tenants are ejected by bailiffs from flats in which they had barricaded themselves for nearly four weeks

Friday, September 23

In a speech to the U.N. General Assembly, Mr. Khrushchev calls for the removal of Mr. Hammarskjöld as U.N. Secretary-General, removal of the U.N. headquarters from New York, and immediate freedom for all colonial territories

All processions in St. Pancras, apart from religious ones, are banned for three months by the Metropolitan Police Commissioner

Saturday, September 24

Mr. Michael Foot is adopted as the Labour Party candidate for the Ebbw Vale by-election

London's traffic wardens finish their first week of duty in which they have handed out nearly 1,500 tickets to offending motorists

Sunday, September 25

President Nkrumah of Ghana calls on the Afro-Asian group, and other uncommitted nations in the U.N. General Assembly, to avoid being drawn into the East-West power struggle

In a speech to London Labour Party workers, Mr. Gaitskell attacks critics of the official party policy on nuclear arms

Monday, September 26

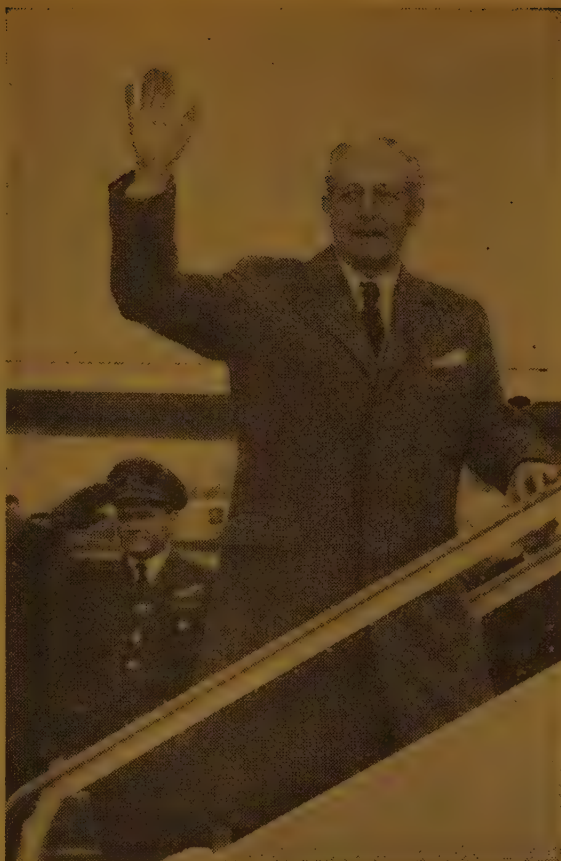
Mr. Hammarskjöld makes a speech before the U.N. General Assembly defending his office as Secretary-General from any charges of partiality in recent conduct

The wages of over 500,000 farm workers in England and Wales are to be increased

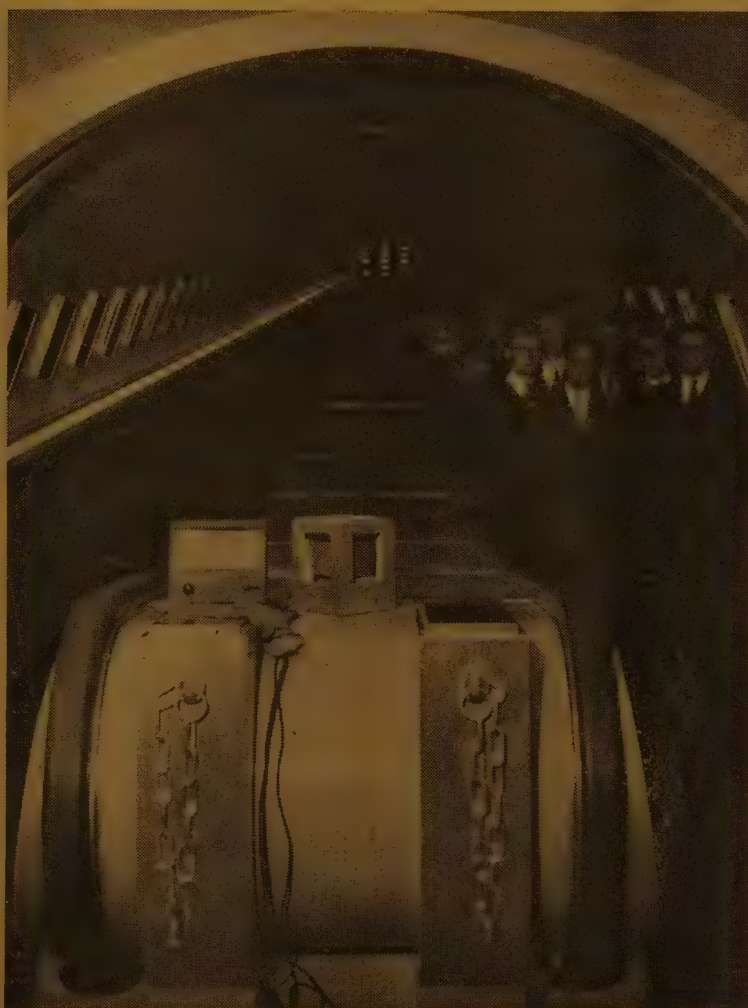
Tuesday, September 27

Mr. Macmillan and President Eisenhower call for 'serious, solemn and constructive work' in the U.N. Assembly especially on disarmament

The Chairman of the Electricity Council warns that electricity bills are likely to go up



Left: Mr. Harold Macmillan waves as he boards the R.A.F. aircraft which took him on September 25 to New York to attend the General Assembly of the United Nations. Right: Mr. Nehru is greeted by Mr. Duncan Sandys, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, on his arrival at London Airport, also on his way to attend the General Assembly. Above: President Eisenhower addressing the Assembly on September 22 and calling on the world to join in a drive against poverty in Africa



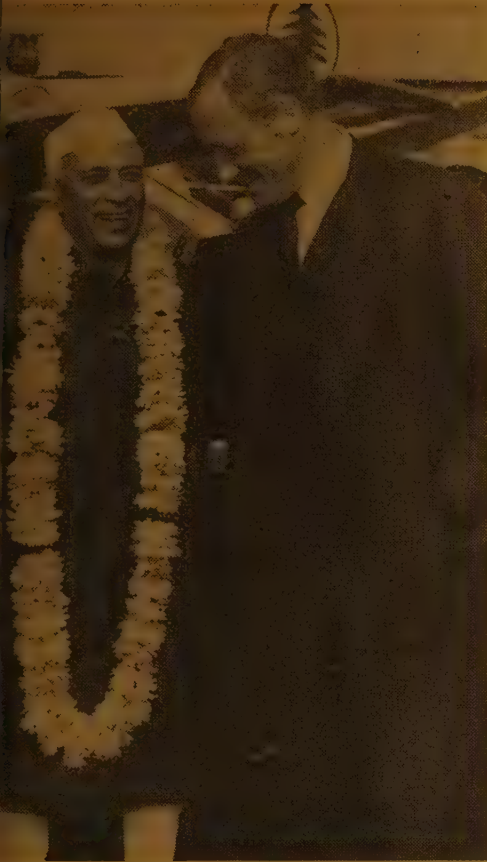
Members of the Southern Region staff of British Railways seen testing the new 'travolator' before it was officially opened by the Lord Mayor of London on September 27 at the Bank station. The travolator is a moving belt of non-slip metal



'Landscape with Apollo, the Muses' purchased by the N



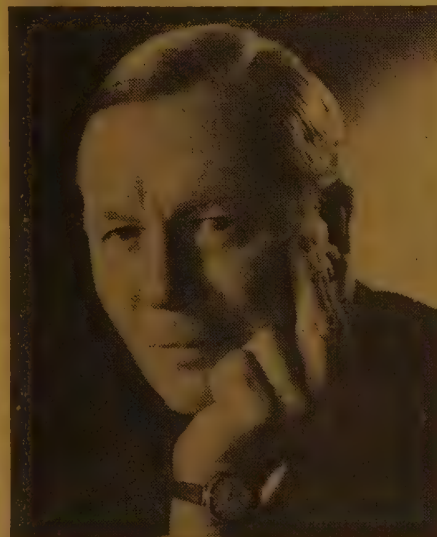
A procession on its way to celebrate equinox which was held



A general view of the scene outside Silverdale House in Hampstead Road, St. Pancras, early on the morning of September 22 when bailiffs evicted Mr. Arthur Rowe, one of the tenants who had refused to pay an increased rent. The bailiffs were heavily protected by police because attempts were made to interfere with them. A number of persons were arrested



'River God' by Claude Lorraine which has just been Gallery of Scotland for £47,000



Sir George Barnes, the Principal of University College, North Staffordshire, who died on September 22 at the age of fifty-six. After being an assistant master at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and Assistant Secretary of the Cambridge University Press, Sir George joined the staff of the B.B.C. Talks Department as a producer in 1935. In 1941 he became Director of Talks, in 1946 the first Head of the Third Programme, and in 1948 Director of The Spoken Word. From 1950 until 1956 Sir George was Director of Television. He was knighted by the Queen in 1953 during a royal visit to the television studios at Lime Grove



A study by Cecil Beaton of Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra taken before her departure for Nigeria on September 25, where she is representing the Queen at the celebrations to mark the new independence of the country



Ancient Druid ceremony of heralding the autumn at Stonehenge, London, on September 23

'The Cool Gaze and the Warm Heart'

LAURENCE LERNER on George Eliot's 'Middlemarch'

IN 1859, after signing the contract for *Adam Bede*, George Eliot wrote to her publisher, John Blackwood: 'I perceive that I have not the characteristics of the popular author, and yet I am much in need of the warmly expressed sympathy which only popularity can win'. As it happens, she was being too gloomy: *Adam Bede* was a great success, and she became almost a best-seller. Yet she was right when she said that she had not the characteristics of the popular author: we cannot think of her commanding the devotion of unsophisticated millions in the way that Dickens, for example, was able to do. This is not only because she is intellectual, and earnest, and reflective; it is also because she is so shrewd: she can look coolly through our motives in a way that is altogether too disconcerting for many of the thousands who make popularity.

Popularity and Taste

Yet George Eliot would never have been able to take refuge in the attitude that is so common today, that popularity is vaguely despicable because it means pandering to the lowest tastes: she could occasionally hate her fellow men, but she could never despise them, and she needed to feel that she had not merely a fit audience though few, but also a wide public of ordinary people to grant her their 'warmly expressed sympathy'. *Middlemarch*, her greatest novel, is a book that is deeply loved and respected, but perhaps it has too much integrity to win the wide popularity its author certainly longed for: or perhaps it is simply too long.

The Victorians liked their novels long: the young ladies who joined the circulating libraries had plenty of time to read them. Nowadays we claim to be busier, but before we condemn their taste for length, we should remember that it could take two forms. It could lead to a diluted and leisurely (and, often, popular) style, as in the early George Eliot, for example, or in Trollope, whose characters need three pages to decide what a modern hero decides in three packed lines; but it could also lead simply to having several stories going at once. Many of the best Victorian novels are, in fact, three or four novels, as loosely linked as the plot and sub-plot of an Elizabethan play. *Middlemarch* has at least four stories.

A Resemblance to Trollope

There is the story of Mary Garth and Fred Vincy. I begin with this because it is the most leisurely, the most dilute, the least intense: the one that could almost have been by Trollope. In fact, the situation is one of Trollope's favourites: the young scapegrace, the good girl who sees all his faults and finds him hard to forgive (especially when he ruins her father), but loves him all the same; and the unheroic, worldly clergyman who loves her too, but does his duty and uses his influence to keep Fred Vincy worthy of her—a duty much harder than renunciation of whist, or

even than the writing of penitential sermons'.

Mr. Farebrother's code of conduct is just what Trollope liked best in clergymen; he is no enthusiast (he even has doubts), he values material comforts, he values friendship with his intellectual equals ('You will not offend me, you know', he says to Lydgate, who is clearly going to vote against his appointment as chaplain of the new hospital: 'I can't spare you'). He does more good in the world than Mr. Tyke, the evangelical who does get the appointment; just as Trollope's well-fed clergymen do more good than Mr. Crawley, the poor and proud fanatic. And Mary Garth takes Fred in the end, just as Violet Effingham, in *Phineas Finn*, takes the similarly weak, very masculine, very English Lord Chiltern.

Yet, even in this, the least impressive part of *Middlemarch*, we can grow gradually aware that Trollope could never have written it: in every scene there are punches that he might have pulled, and that George Eliot did not. There is, for example, the scene when Fred calls to see Mary to tell her that he has got her father to sign a bond on his behalf, and now he cannot pay, so that her mother will have to give up her savings. 'I am a good-for-nothing blackguard', he begins by saying:

'I should think one of those epithets would do at a time', said Mary, trying to smile, but feeling alarmed.

'I know you will never think well of me any more. You will think me a liar. You will think me dishonest. You will think I don't care for you, or your father and mother. You always do make the worst of me, I know'.

Male Egoism

His second speech: and already the self-reproach is laced with self-pity. Fred is genuinely sorry for what he has done; but he is more concerned to gain Mary's forgiveness than to realize her grief. 'What does it matter whether I forgive you?' Mary says passionately; and he replies: 'Say what you like, Mary, I deserve it all'. Even in that worthy remark Fred has not lost his egoism, that male egoism that George Eliot saw so unerringly: he can see his own guilt (though his stamina for guilt is poor—a moment later he is saying, 'If you knew how miserable I am you would be sorry for me'), and he cannot resist pointing out 'If you knew what things other young men do, you would think me a good way off the worst'; and, above all, he cannot find a truly self-forgetting compassion for the suffering he has caused.

Every man who reads this scene must wince at what George Eliot knows about him; and then must admit that she has not simply used that disquieting knowledge to put him down in the sex war—for, in the end, Mary does, in a way, forgive Fred, and we see that, though he does not deserve it, she is the better for doing so: it has meant a kind of conquering of self in her. Here is the cool gaze and the warm heart that raise George Eliot above Trollope, and indeed above all her contemporaries.

Then there is the story of the pious and wealthy Bulstrode, Fred's uncle, who came to Middlemarch years earlier with a shady past which he thought entirely buried, but which is exposed now that he is a pillar of the community, and leads to his disgrace. He begins as a minor character: only when the unscrupulous Raffles, the one man who knows his secret, turns up in Middlemarch to blackmail him, does he grow prominent. This fact is itself significant: in Bulstrode, more than in anyone else, we can see how George Eliot's interest in individuals merges into her concern with the background.

Character Building

We first see Bulstrode at lunch-time in his bank: austere, and smug about his austerity:

Mr. Bulstrode, alone with his brother-in-law, poured himself out a glass of water and opened a sandwich-box.

'I cannot persuade you to adopt my regimen, Vincy?'

It is hard to say at what point he becomes a central character: as hard as to know when someone in real life ceases to be a member of a circle and becomes an individual to us. And as he becomes individual, he grows in our sympathy, as we watch in him the pain of hypocrisy. Even his unimaginative wife, 'whose imitative piety and native worldliness', says George Eliot, 'were equally sincere', has a certain sensitivity forced on her by her vague perceptions that something is wrong. When she meets her husband after an encounter with Raffles, and senses a distress greater than she can understand or even clearly perceive, she realizes that it is not the moment 'to say anything which implied her habitual consciousness that her husband's earlier connexions were not quite on a level with her own'.

It is touches like this that lead up to the wonderful climax when, Bulstrode having been publicly denounced, his wife learns the news from her brother, and, after locking herself in her room, brings herself to go down to him, to mourn, not to reproach: 'She knew, when she locked the door, that she should unlock it, ready to go down to her unhappy husband, and espouse his sorrow—but she needed time to gather up her strength'. When she joins him, neither is strong enough to speak of the disgrace, but the bond is silently renewed between them; and this ordinary couple, released by sorrow and disgrace from the bonds of hypocrisy, conventionalism, and sanctimoniousness, have become tragic figures.

The Idealistic Dorothea

Then there is the story of Dorothea, the St. Theresa of a drab world, foundress of nothing, who longs for 'some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self'. She slakes her idealism by marrying Mr. Casaubon, an elderly scholar, of

whom her sister Celia says, when he comes to dinner, 'I hope there is someone else. Then I shall not hear him eat his soup so'. The marriage is a burden to Dorothea: Casaubon is fussy and uncharitable, and he is not even a great scholar: it is perhaps his own unconscious realization of that which causes many of his faults. George Eliot is very fair to Casaubon: and in one touching scene she suggests the kind of happiness that it was within the power even of this crusty old man to bring Dorothea. After she has sat up waiting for him (they had quarrelled earlier in the day),

... he started slightly on seeing her, and she looked up at him beseechingly, without speaking.

'Dorothea!' he said, with a gentle surprise in his tone. 'Were you waiting for me?'

'Yes, I did not like to disturb you'.

'Come, my dear, come. You are young, and need not to extend your life by watching'.

When the kind, quiet melancholy of that speech fell on Dorothea's ears, she felt something like the thankfulness that might well up in us if we had narrowly escaped hurting a lamed creature. She put her hand into her husband's, and they went along the broad corridor together.

Tame Happiness

This is the tame happiness, rescued from sorrow, that Mr. T. S. Eliot offers his fallen couple in *The Cocktail Party*: 'the best of a bad job is all any of us make of it'.

But George Eliot could no more have said this than Dorothea could: there was too much of Saint Theresa in the author, too, and to stay married to Mr. Casaubon must mean defeat. Dorothea's happy ending is a marriage with Will Ladislav, whom she loves, and a sensible use of her money and influence.

Yes, this author had a streak of Saint Theresa in her. She must have: there is a Dorothea in almost every novel—Dinah in *Adam Bede*, Maggie in *The Mill on the Floss*, Janet in *Janet's Repentance*, Romola, and (with a change of sex) Daniel Deronda. With most of these, above all the two who move us most, Maggie and Dorothea, the author was deeply identified. Marian Evans, too, as a young girl, 'soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weariness'. In creating these characters, she lived out an important part of her own emotional life: Maggie, like Marian, was the ugly duckling, contemptuously loved by her righteous and masculine brother. Maggie grows up a beauty:

With her dark colouring and jet crown surmounting her tall figure, she seems to have a sort of kinship with the grand Scotch firs.

Substitute Gratification?

If Marian Evans (who was ugly) had been beautiful, it would have been with the kind of beauty that Maggie has; so it is open to us, if we wish, to suggest that her art was for her a form of substitute gratification, that it granted her vicariously what she could not have in life. It is worth adding, however, that her own marriage to Lewes seems to have given her just the kind of happiness that Dorothea had hoped for, and failed to get, with Mr. Casaubon: so that, in this case, her art expresses a frustration she had not met with in life.

It is true, certainly, that George Eliot created Maggie and Dorothea out of a concern with herself: but, having said this, what have we

said? We have described the creative process—all good authors write out their own tangles—but have we said anything about the product, about the books? The psychology of Marian Evans may explain the origins of the work of George Eliot, but will it affect the way we read them? For as readers we are not interested in the similarities between Dinah, Maggie, and Dorothea, but in the differences: in what causes each to fit so well into the novel of which she is part. If we feel a need to look for the origins of a character in the author's emotional life it will be because something is wrong, because she does not fit the book, because she is being tugged away by certain irrelevant needs of the author.

George Eliot's identification with Maggie and Dorothea is, surely, a source of deep strength to the books: what more moving than the urgency of their need to be loved, so powerfully conveyed to us? Some critics have claimed that it is a source of weakness, too—that the author's identification with these women has made her indulgent, that it has hindered her from seeing the self-regarding, almost neurotic, origins of their selflessness.

I see the point of this charge, but I think it is mistaken. I cannot really refute it, however, because what I really mind is that it is distasteful. There is a difference here that goes beyond George Eliot, even beyond literary criticism. These critics may dislike self-devotion and the Theresa spirit; they may consider it *always* the product of a higher selfishness; they may be asking George Eliot—and me—to reprove it with something of the severity of Jean-Baptiste Clemence, in Camus's *La Chute*, when he reproves his own emotional generosity. But to me—as to Camus—it seems that if you can turn your selfishness to such a higher end, that is good enough for anyone in this world.

Heroines Seen Clearly

On a more superficial level, I think no one can deny that George Eliot sees her heroines clearly: she does not impose on them a false Cinderella happiness, or pretend that happy endings are easier than they are. Perhaps she does accept uncritically the men they love—Stephen Guest in *The Mill on the Floss*, Will Ladislav in *Middlemarch*. One could argue that it mattered so much to Marian Evans that Dorothea should find sexual happiness and self-surrender that she indulged herself in idealizing Will into a fairy prince, with his light-brown curls and his rather histrionic gallantry when defending his mother's memory to Bulstrode: 'You shall keep your ill-gotten money'. Yet Will has his faults: he is caught flirting with Rosamund. Perhaps he was never in real danger of going to the bad, and to that extent he is not utterly human: but at least there is a convincing pretence that he is.

No, the real source of George Eliot's weakness in character-drawing is not emotional identification but moral theory. She believed strongly in the influence of a noble nature on the weak and the erring. She was realistic enough to know that the stimulus to self-improvement could not always come from within, and she was agnostic enough to know that there was no supernatural source without; so what more natural than for her to posit a human source without, some finer being to act as a personified super-ego, as Deronda does to Gwendolen, Felix Holt to

Esther, Dinah to Hetty, Dorothea to Rosamund?

The trouble comes when George Eliot not only gives us Gwendolen's idealizing picture of Deronda but takes that picture on trust, as if it were a true version of the man. The one touch of cant that this terribly honest woman allowed herself was to believe that a good influence must be as noble as the saved sinner thought it was: she gives too much credit to Deronda and not enough to the transfiguring power of Gwendolen's idealization of him. She was not agnostic enough. So the noble natures who ring false in her books are not those who act out her own emotional needs, not Maggie and Dorothea, but those like Felix and Deronda who are seen from the outside. Emotional identification was a source of strength, not of weakness.

Lydgate and Rosamund

Finally, there is the story of Lydgate and Rosamund: the young doctor of great ability and enthusiasm, who settles in Middlemarch to avoid the frustiness of Harley Street. His downfall (if the word is not too strong) is the result of his marriage: the grain of coarseness in his nature that could not resist the lures of a pretty girl, and that dissolved his resolution not to marry yet, in the two large tears he saw on Rosamund's cheeks; and also of the touch of self-blindness that does not realize the necessary material basis of so many of the agreeable comforts of life. Lydgate buys a dinner-service, not because he can afford it but because he hates ugly crockery and happens to see this one. 'It was expensive, but that might be in the nature of dinner-services'.

George Eliot was, in the best sense of that misleading term, a materialist: she knew the unconscious, but dangerous, hypocrisy of those who are not interested in money, that if you are not interested in handling it, that may not mean that you realize what it is like not to have enough of it. She could drive a hard bargain in her own dealings; and it is not surprising to find her writing to her publisher: 'I certainly care a great deal for the money, as I suppose all anxious minds do that love independence'. Lydgate loved independence, but his mind was not anxious enough.

Selfishness Armoured in Beauty

But, although we realize Lydgate's downfall is his own fault, we cannot blame him too hard: so intense is our reaction to the impenetrable selfishness of the woman he marries, her unyielding assurance that the world, and an obliging husband, owe her a living, and its ornaments. The quarrels of this pair are the most terrifying scenes in English fiction. They are not even quarrels. Lydgate has enough dignity left to know that something must be saved of his marriage, and Rosamund has not the imagination to be vulnerable. Her selfishness, armoured in beauty, must have been of the kind that maddened Marian Evans in the women she hated, and set against the Maggies, the Dinahs, and the Dorotheas she tends to have another kind of female character—pretty, shallow, selfish women who show (she is speaking of Gwendolen Harleth) 'a strong determination to have what is pleasant, with a total fearlessness in making themselves disagreeable or dangerous if they do not get it'.

(concluded on page 522)

GOOD NEWS FROM AFRICA

Seven years ago in Central Africa a new nation was born. It had been conceived in the faith that Africans and Europeans could live and work together as partners and that such a partnership would be the surest way to help them all. During those seven years firm footings have been laid for African progress. The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland is a nation in being. *Let facts have a hearing.*



Let facts have a hearing

Willingly to School

A dramatic feature of the Federation's growth has been an intense African thirst for knowledge, and the bold territorial and Federal expenditure on African education. There are now a million African primary school children in the Federation—an increase of over 50% during this period. More Africans are going on to secondary schools every year, and Federal grants for African university students are particularly generous. The University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, sponsored by the Federal Government in 1955, is an independent multi-racial university. An ambitious multi-racial medical school attached to the university is now being planned by the university. It is Federal policy that Africans who can make good use of a higher education shall have it.



GOOD NEWS FOR THE STUDENT *The new University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland is multi-racial.*

The more educated Africans the Federation has, the greater will be their contribution to the progress of the country.



GOOD NEWS FOR THE SICK *More and more new hospitals in the Federation bring African and European nurses to work side by side.*

Partnership against disease

European skill and resources behind the African desire to learn: these are the forces that are making the Federal health service work. In 1953, expenditure on health for the three territories was 4½ million pounds—by 1960 this had grown to over 9 million pounds. The most modern hospitals, the most advanced equipment for all types of treatment, the whole network of state aid to the sick and injured—they are all at the disposal of the African.

New hope for African farmers

For centuries, Africans have scratched a

miserable living from communal land. Long term development and research plans by the territorial and Federal Governments have taught Africans more efficient methods, and farms owned by African freeholders are being established. Animal and tractor-drawn ploughs are replacing primitive hand hoes. Fertilisers are coming into wide use.

African living standards rising

In 1952 the money income of the Africans in Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland was £46,600,000. By 1959 it had doubled to over £100,000,000. Poverty remains a serious problem in all three territories; but the African who has left a life of subsistence for the modern economy is increasingly in the market for a wide range of foods, clothing and household goods that were formerly beyond his reach. He is rising quickly to the opportunities which the European has brought him.

Efficient administration, a rising standard of living, economic strength and the taking of Africans into the partnership and electorate of a modern state—these are what the Federation is achieving in Central Africa. It appreciates—perhaps more than anyone—how much remains to be done.

FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND

OFFICE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER · RHODESIA HOUSE · STRAND · LONDON · W.C.2



(concluded from page 519)

Hetty Sorrel is the first rendering of such a woman, and Hetty is the finest thing in *Adam Bede*: George Eliot's hatred of this selfish girl never interferes with her clear artist's gaze. Hetty is converted by Dinah's compassion, as Rosamund is by the generosity of Dorothea, in the chapter which George Eliot thought of as the climax of the whole book: the chapter when Dorothea's impulsive generosity and vulnerability break down Rosamund's armour until she weeps and does right, at the cost of her own dignity. But between *Adam Bede* and *Middlemarch* there

is a further degree of realism, or of gloom. Rosamund's conversion is not as lasting as Hetty's, it is not even as thorough; at Rosamund's best moment, George Eliot admits that Dorothea did not realize 'that the effort was a reflex of her own energy'. And so it is fitting that the last we have of Rosamund should be that final unforgettable glimpse of her remarrying after Lydgate's death:

She made a very pretty show with her daughters, driving out in her carriage, and often spoke of her happiness as 'a reward'—she did not say for what, but probably she meant that it

was a reward for her patience with Tertius, whose temper never became faultless

—whereas she had

continued to be mild in her temper, inflexible in her judgment, disposed to admonish her husband, and able to frustrate him by stratagem.

I wonder how much reassurance George Eliot got when she went on from that to write the last three pages about the wedded happiness of Dorothea and Will. She tries to end by showing us her warm heart, but her terrible cool gaze is fixed on us as we close the book.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Our Immature Society

Sir,—I would like to submit a few comments on the excellent broadcast on 'Our Immature Society' in THE LISTENER of September 22.

Education could have two objectives. One is the developing of the aptitudes of the pupil. The other could be the cultivating in the pupil of attitudes to life that would be helpful in attaining 'their full social and emotional . . . maturity'.

Do parents, educational authorities, and head-teachers sincerely seek to cultivate the attitudes to life in children? Or is the interest of all three centred to an overwhelming extent on the development of aptitudes, and particularly those which can be expressed in G.C.E. results? Does the Ministry of Education secure from Juvenile Courts the details of the schools attended by social delinquents?

I know that examination successes are circulated by some educational authorities. Social failure statistics affecting each school could also be prepared and circulated. They would give an index that could lead to emphasis on the 'more effective social training' which Mr. Johnson considers so urgent a requirement. The delinquency rate converted to a number per thousand for each age level at each school could be a statement that the parents of pupils would particularly like to have.

The impression that young people are idealists is one that has been obtained by many others as well as Mr. Johnson. It is tragic that in the actual world they find the philosophy of 'I'm all right, so blow you Jack' so very rampant. They find that they are derided as 'starry-eyed' or seeing the world through rosy hued spectacles, and they have not the maturity to realize that these are actually compliments (though not intended).

Contacts with those who seek to be leaders in the general betterment of mankind often bring shocks. One finds how narrowly conditioned are their thought processes, how sincerely they are convinced that their particular specific is virtually a cure-all, and how easily they 'reject' any criticisms or, particularly, any new ideas that do not particularly support their views. In most cases the hardening of ideas has set in to such an extent that it is inconceivable to them that the faults they see in others almost certainly exist, to some extent at least, in them.

Therefore, the improvement of society and its

progress towards maturity must depend on the education of the young. I have suggested one measure that can quickly be available and that should be used. With Mr. Johnson I find that pupils would like to discuss frankly 'ideas on politics, religion, sex, colour bar, atom bombs, and personal problems'. Does Mr. Johnson know any education authority that sanctions such discussion by teachers, or even by specially selected teachers?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.7 J. GUILFOYLE WILLIAMS

Sir,—Mr. G. C. Johnson raises a host of pertinent points in his talk, 'Our Immature Society'. I would like to add a rider to one of them.

Every young person needs a minimum of social competence—the ability to get on as a person with other persons—if he is to develop as an individual. He also needs a sufficient width of interests and depth of personality to enjoy being alone. Social isolation (the inability to associate with others even though one wishes and needs to do so) and a dependent 'groupiness' are both the negation of personal maturity.

Mr. Johnson rightly makes the case for an integrated education founded in the feelings, acceptance, and aspiration of the young people themselves. Such an education offers the hope of rescuing young people from the twin social demons of our age—isolation and conformism—while setting them up to deal with their personal problem of preserving a creative individuality in the face of admass and change.—Yours, etc.,
Teddington JAMES HEMMING

Problems of 'Pan-Africa'

Sir,—May an African comment on Mr. Lessing's talk in THE LISTENER of September 22?

He is right when he says Africa is a mass of ethnic groups. But he fails to realize that the emergent educated class who are taking over the reins of government see this problem much more clearly than he supposes and are themselves by the nature of their education far removed in outlook from their tribal beginnings and think in terms of rapid economic development on the same bases of larger groupings of African states.

To produce a brave man who can call a summit to draw fresh lines on the African map is no solution since the different ethnic groups cannot support viable states in the present

state of the world where the two great nuclear giants are all too ready to acquire satellites to further their designs in the cold war.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19 KODWO ELLIOTT

Anglo-Saxon Platitudes

Sir,—In 'Anglo-Saxon Platitudes' (THE LISTENER, September 15) Dr. Marshall censures the Select Committee on Procedure for rejecting the idea of a House Committee on colonial affairs. But the motion 'That the paragraph stand part of the Report' was carried by only eight votes to six. The powerful reasoning of the minority—in essence the same as Dr. Marshall's—appears in the report, as well as the voting list.

In this particular case, many people might think it fairer to say that the parties, not the Select Committee, 'ran true to form'. Or does this bring politics into the study of politics?

Yours, etc.,

Oxford D. J. BENTLEY

The Irresponsible Society

Sir,—Following upon my earlier charge that huge insurance funds are backing the property companies whose operations are now causing so much distress to rent-paying Londoners, I now note from the newspapers of September 22 that the Prudential is lending £13,000,000 to a property company.

With regard to the function of the insurance companies' Investment Protection Committee, I wonder if it is in fact as powerless a body as your correspondents would have it appear?

In the first place it is a sub-committee of the British Insurance Association which holds in membership almost 100 per cent. of all British insurance companies; and in the second place it acts in collaboration with similar bodies representing investment trusts and building societies. In short, it is so influential that for practical purposes it does not much matter whether it 'offers advice' (Sir John Benn) or suggests 'co-operation' (Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall): what it says, goes.

Indeed, the I.P.C. is now so authoritative that it is in a position analogous to that of the British Board of Film Censors—you feel obliged to seek its approval before you make any important issue of shares.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.8 ALAN GRIFFITHS

Justice in Los Angeles

Sir,—Mr. Stephen B. Reichert, Jr., gently (and I think rather nicely) putting me right on some of the things I said in a broadcast about the Los Angeles criminal courts, puts himself wrong here and there (THE LISTENER, September 15).

First, the Deputy Sheriffs certainly made me think of *Wells Fargo* and the rest, perhaps because of their pistol holsters and badges; and 'Her Majesty's Horse Guards' don't. Secondly, whether or not they 'fancied a stretch in the county jail for contempt', some people in the courtroom *did* 'laugh and talk audibly', without getting one; a friend who was with me, an English solicitor with much court experience, was equally surprised about the noise going on. Thirdly, the court reporter (who was described to me as 'the stenotype man'), did *not* take down the speech for the defence, which was noteworthy only because he did take down the prosecution's. (I hope I didn't make too much of this: in England, he wouldn't take either of the speeches, in a case being tried on a 'not guilty' plea, unless one side or the other had asked for it and was willing to pay for it.) And, fourthly, the sentenced and unsentenced prisoners in the Los Angeles jail I was shown were *not* (when I saw them) 'rigorously segregated', for the self-same reason that now prevents their proper segregation in England—too many of them.—Yours, etc.,

Bramley

C. R. HEWITT

The 'New Left' in Britain

Sir,—I have read the first of Professor J. M. Cameron's talks on 'The "New Left" in Britain' (THE LISTENER, September 8) with much interest but would suggest that he has reached his conclusions only by disregarding one vital factor, which he has not even mentioned, namely that the amount of freedom of expression accorded to a society depends primarily on the sense of security felt by the group from whom the government of that society is drawn.

If the governing group is free from internal and external threats, no matter what the political structure of the society may be, it is seldom that much restriction is imposed on the expression of political, etc. ideas. If, on the other hand, the governing group feels itself threatened it will impose restrictions on such expression, even to the extent of establishing a totalitarian state.

The history of our own country provides a good object lesson. When under Henry VIII the old feudal society began rapidly to break up with consequent stresses and strains the government became much more dictatorial than in the heyday of feudalism. Similarly, a hundred years later Cromwell, who strove against much opposition to establish a real democracy, found himself compelled to impose severe restrictions.

For the greater part of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, when the governments of England were drawn from a small ruling class which felt secure in its privileges, a great deal of liberty was permitted in the publishing of heretical ideas and attacks on the government.

Other more recent examples of the same principle will readily come to mind.

The government of the U.S.S.R. has been under continuous threats, perhaps mainly from

abroad but also sometimes from internal opposition, from 1917 until the present time, and although now such threats are diminishing no doubt there is a hang-over from the past.

During the last few years it has seemed that the internal repressions in the U.S.S.R. have been reduced somewhat; if a genuine friendly understanding between the West and the East were established one might have good hopes that this process would be greatly accelerated.

If during the coming years socialism or communism is demonstrated to be markedly more efficient than capitalism in producing the means by which to lead a full life, surely we may hope that this country would be able to make the change-over free from external threats and in comparative peace. After all, England has succeeded in the past in shedding its skins with less violence and hatred than have many of its neighbours on the continent.

Yours, etc.,

Blockley

R. H. GUNN

Sir,—Professor Cameron's implied suggestion (THE LISTENER, September 22) that we have had to wait for Mr. McIntyre to tell us that the notion of freedom is involved in the notion of a human being is absolutely false. The idea that freedom belongs essentially to human beings is one of the main themes of Heidegger's *Sein und Zeit*, published in 1927; and the idea pervades the whole of Existentialist philosophy and literature.

It is also false that we have had to wait for Mr. McIntyre to tell us that Newtonian ambitions in the human sciences are unlikely to be satisfied. Apart from many earlier doubts, a critical analysis of Kurt Lewin's ambitions in this direction was in circulation as long ago as April, 1958.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when professional philosophers acknowledged their intellectual debts. The custom seems, alas, to be on the way out.—Yours, etc.,

Peterlee

THOMAS H. WINTER

This Scientific Babel

Sir,—I agree with the comment by Mr. Victor Bloch on Mr. Magnus Pyke's recent broadcast talk entitled 'This Scientific Babel' (printed in THE LISTENER of September 8), but surely he does not take the criticism far enough. May I add two points which seem very relevant?

The use of the same word in two different scientific contexts can be helpful in allowing a stranger to the field to have some degree of understanding. The alternative is two different words, which obviously makes communication even more difficult.

Secondly, the use of analogy is extremely important in the evolution of scientific thought; a familiar word, such as 'template' is adopted by the biologist to describe the little-understood process of protein synthesis. The word then serves as a peg on which to hang the fragmentary experimental evidence, and serves as a stimulus for further thought; later, the 'template hypothesis' may be enlarged, modified, or even totally discarded, but one cannot deny its passing importance.

It is important to realize the limitations in these two cases, but having done this, surely the advantages of giving a familiar word a new connotation far outweigh the disadvantages? In an otherwise excellent talk, Mr. Pyke stressed

the differences in specialists' uses of the same word. I believe the similarities are more important, both to the interpretive scientific journalist and the working scientist.—Yours, etc.,

Darlington

BERNARD DIXON

Science is Social

Sir,—As a physicist I wish to take issue with Mr. John Ziman's proposition (THE LISTENER, August 18): 'A scientific truth is a statement that has been publicly accepted by the experts'. All Mr. Ziman shows is that what has been publicly accepted by the experts (granting his definition of these terms) is reasonable for the lay public to tentatively accept as scientific truth.

It is rather tricky to give a good definition of a vast concept such as scientific truth. Mr. Ziman does indeed show that science has its social aspects; however, including this in a definition of scientific truth is inviting trouble. Mr. Ziman admits that his definition is not all-inclusive. The only trouble is that he doesn't at least outline the salient points of the confessed limitation. This I will do for him.

For one thing, what is 'publicly accepted by the experts' is not necessarily scientific truth, as has been shown in the past when matter and energy (everything) was found to be quantized. Classical physics describes our everyday world adequately, but it is not strictly scientific truth as we know it today. As an even more obvious example, the statement, 'The world is flat', was once publicly accepted by the experts. A more recent one is the overthrow of the concept of parity. There are numerous other instances. On top of this there are undoubtedly many scientific truths yet to be discovered.

The following definition, I think, covers the above limitations: 'Scientific truth is a statement that would be accepted by anyone if all the relevant facts were rationally considered'. This seems to be a good example of the generalization that the more generalized the definition, the less operational it becomes.

Yours, etc.,

San Diego, 9
California

ROBIN YOUNG

How the Vikings Discovered America

Sir,—The chief characteristic of the Vinland or Wineland of the Sagas is of course the vine. But are the botanists disposed to agree that the vine flourished as a wild plant along the eastern coasts of pre-Columbian America? If they are not, what else in the claim can be taken on trust?—Yours, etc.,

Worcester

J. T. DAVIS

English Abstraction

Sir,—I would like to point out that the technical references in Mr. Stephen Spender's review 'American Movement and English Abstraction' to my painting are completely incorrect. I do not 'draw' horizontal lines on canvas. I apply polyvinyl and polythene tapes to boards which are treated with plastic emulsion paint; also of the three paintings that I am exhibiting two are horizontal with verticals reading across the plane of the painting. Also I am surprised to read a reference to a painting that was not exhibited—a painting by Peter Hobbs.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.4

JOHN PLUMB

The Listener's Book Chronicle

A Tourist in Africa. By Evelyn Waugh.
Chapman and Hall. 16s.

Reviewed by HILARY CORKE

THE GENERAL ADVANCE in 'chi-chi' encourages us to 'know' about authors rather than to read books. It is comically pitiful to think of this principle being applied to Mr. Waugh. To fail to read him is to deny oneself one of the most distinct of modern pleasures—a poor exchange for the ability to knock him off at a cocktail-party as a high Tory, high Catholic, true-blue, snobby *bon viveur* who bars himself off behind the iron gates of his Gloucestershire mansion from bores, touts, the poor and reporters. It is an extraordinary public image. Anyone coming with such preconceptions to *A Tourist in Africa* would be in for a shock. Africa, surely, that land of emergent nationalism and non-merging settlers, of squalor, unpunctuality and big promises, will bring out all that is most reactionary and viperish in that mythical Mr. Waugh? He will be very angry and self-righteous and obtuse? The fact is, of course, that this caricature is not even a caricature, it is a gross misrepresentation. Mr. Waugh is an intensely civilized man, but his is the genuine civilization that finds and cleaves to the good wherever it is sited, in Europe or Africa, in white or black, and distinguishes the bad and mocks it likewise: it is not the spurious civilization that relies upon rigid externals, upon knowing vintages and cheeses and modes of address and the right people. He does indeed know all these things but he rates that knowledge properly, as a modest convenience and not an end-in-itself.

To accompany him on this leisurely tour through our East African possessions is to travel with an eminently reasonable man with a sharp eye for telling detail and the most economical of manners in conveying it. He will not indulge in much generalized wisdom or in any 'balanced pictures'—and yet I use *reasonable* advisedly. For surely it is more reasonable, though it may be less 'responsible' (absurd word!), to see and do what one individually wishes to see and do, not what it might be thought that one ought to see and do. This reasonable man is on holiday and he very correctly desires simply to amuse and to fortify himself as best he may. He has a proper scale of values in this. Where nothing more depends on it, he will elect to be comfortable rather than the reverse; but if something less accessible takes his fancy he will patiently endure the necessary annoyances, whilst attempting to keep them to a minimum. He will rather stay with friends than in hotels, he likes to eat 'in marble halls under lofty chandeliers', he will visit the site of the groundnuts fiasco as well as the inscrutable ruins of Zimbabwe.

Of the furious Tory, nothing much worse emerges than this:

It is wrong to represent bureaucracy as an evil contrived solely by socialists. It is one of the evidences of original sin. The great alluring false promise of the socialists is, that the State will wither away.

As for the 'true-blue':

Even now you will find people of some goodwill and some intelligence who speak of Europeans as having 'pacified' Africa. . . . Under European rule in the first forty years of this century there have been three long wars in Africa on a far larger scale than anything perpetrated by marauding spearmen, waged by white men against white, and a generation which has seen the Nazi régime in the heart of Europe had best stand silent when civilized and uncivilized nations are contrasted.

He strictly eschews all 'politics', but his views on apartheid are those of any rational and impartial person—that both decency and skulduggery are pretty evenly distributed among coloured and uncoloured alike, and that true community is between those of like minds and morals, irrespective of pigmentation. He recounts with glee a voyage upon which the white passengers were all crowded and herded but the solitary black had a four-berth cabin to himself, and a lavatory, a bathroom and an armchair all placarded 'For the use of non-European passengers only':

He was a man of studious disposition and he had a very comfortable voyage. I greatly envied his three weeks' solitude.

Mr. Waugh is indeed reasonable about everything except religion. But then none of us is reasonable about that.

Herbert Morrison: an autobiography
By Lord Morrison of Lambeth.
Odhams Press. 30s.

In order to write an effective autobiography, if one has never kept a diary, it is desirable either to have a photographic memory, or a very compelling style, or (like the late Frank Harris) an unblushing power of invention. Unfortunately, Herbert Morrison, the policeman's son from Brixton who became a Cabinet minister, does not possess any of these qualifications to any marked degree, and he has left the writing of his book till late in life, when his recollections have been blunted by time. The result is that, despite the acknowledged assistance of Messrs. George Kay and H. J. Stenning in 'checking for facts', the picture of the past given here is too often blurred and confusing; events which would have clarified it being sometimes omitted altogether. Much the most interesting and readable part is that which deals with his own London, and particularly with his leadership of the Labour Party on the London County Council, which was certainly the most completely effective period of his career. (He might, perhaps, have spoken a little more generously of the work done by his predecessors the Progressives between 1889 and 1907.) Second, but distinctly second in interest, are the chapters concerned with his wartime work—at the Ministry of Supply and the Home Office, and as Leader of the House of Commons—some of which will be fresh to those who did not live through those years.

For the rest, the book is reminiscence rather than history—brief comments on the personali-

ties whom he has met and worked with, and reflections on some of the political questions of this and past days. Of the former, the most memorable are the remarks about Ernest Bevin, which should be read as a corrective to Alan Bullock's biography, and his conviction that Lord Attlee deliberately delayed his own retirement until such time as age made it tolerably certain that his successor would not be Morrison. On the latter, one can trace the development of the extreme left-winger of his youth to a middle-of-the-road man who disagreed with George Lansbury's defiance of the law in Poplar—while admitting that it achieved its end—was always a strong anti-communist but stoutly in favour of the Spanish Republican Government. He remains, in the last chapter, a convinced socialist who believes that the Labour Party, if it is sensible, has a future before it.

MARGARET COLE

The Goncourt Brothers

By André Billy. Translated by Margaret Shaw. André Deutsch. 30s.

This biography is difficult to assess. Re-reading it in this translation I found that my response to the original had been exactly repeated: once again I was as much bored by the first half as I was absorbed and moved by the second. Was this M. Billy's fault, or my own—or was it in some way an extension of that *malaise* with which the Goncourts appear to have infected their contemporaries? M. Billy's previous biographical studies have been exceptional for their mastery of background in which the smallest details contributed to the development of the central figure. In this first part of *The Goncourt Brothers* the panoramic *décor* seems to have taken charge and Edmond and Jules remain curiously static; it is hard to believe that they developed as writers.

The Goncourts are difficult to understand unless the pressure that drove them to the daily struggle with words is placed at the centre of their biography. M. Billy expends a paragraph to give us a picture of Jules fussing and fuming at his writing-table with Edmond, an anxious shadow, hovering by his shoulder to relax the verbal tensions; but he does not provide the syntactic analysis of *Germinie Lacerteux*, for example, that might have led us into the heart of their personal drama. There is a sense in which Professor Ullman's essay: 'Sentence Structure in the Goncourts' (*Style in the French Novel*, 1958), for all its rather arid statistical apparatus, has more *biographical* relevance than M. Billy's documentation of the novel's reception in 1865. A Goncourt biography will achieve its meaning if we can discern a possibility that the brothers might have transcended this agony of words which, Edmond asserted, had killed Jules.

Only Mallarmé invested these moments of verbal *angst* with a certain moral grandeur; the Goncourts, by comparison, are no more than the aesthetes that their passion for *bibelots* and *japonaiseries* seems to advertise, and that their

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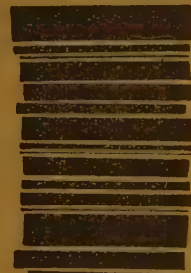
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The first twelve are reprints of established works, but new books, or new collections of older pieces, will be included in the series. A further twelve volumes will be published in Spring, 1961.

OXFORD PAPERBACKS are uniform in size, but vary greatly in length from one book to another. The covers are glossy, the prices much lower than those of the original editions.

constant aptitude for wounding comment appears to confirm. They were ridden by the aesthete's pathological fear of existence—a retreat behind the defensive ramparts of 'beauty' which left loopholes to attack the world from which they cringed. What was 'naturalism', of which they were such convinced exponents, but one of fear's tortuous stratagems to escape the moral imperatives of 'realism'? Thus it is hard for *The Goncourt Brothers* to be much else than a mirror of the aesthete's static and boring universe where the aesthete's own death is already determined—the death of the heart. Yet it seems as if with the end of poor Jules the biography may seize its chance. Between the death of Jules, whom Edmond adored, and the death of Edmond, whom I suspect Jules never really loved, lie the long years in which we can watch a tormented man write the few more books the ghost would have written, continue the *Journal* which always echoed the tight voice of a querulous shade, and dine out to mitigate a stoicism which threatened to break down. Can Edmond grow from this desolation? This question, never explicitly raised, gives a quite extraordinary resonance to M. Billy's final chapters. But there is no sure answer.

H. G. WHITEMAN

**Discussions on Child Development,
Volume IV: edited by J. M. Tanner
and Bärbel Inhelder.**

Tavistock Publications. 30s.

Under the auspices of the World Health Organization, a Study Group on the Psychobiological Development of the Child held four meetings over as many years to bring together round a single table pre-eminent specialists in all the apposite disciplines, in an attempt at intellectual cross-fertilization and with the hope of achieving some shared vocabulary and concepts which could link together the knowledge of psychologists, psycho-analysts, physiologists, ethologists, electro-encephalographers, anthropologists, and theoreticians. Their discussions, which are excellent examples of first-class minds learning from, and mutually stimulating, each other have been superbly edited by two of the participants, Dr. J. M. Tanner and Professor Bärbel Inhelder.

The volume under review is the fourth and last of the series, and differs considerably from its three predecessors; more than half the text consists of written pre-circulated papers. Professor Piaget, relying (inevitably) heavily on his work on the intellectual development of children, attempted to produce a schema which would include all the available data; he posits an innate and universal tendency towards 'equilibration' and a series of psycho-biological stages; as the maturing child moves from one stage to the next the problems of equilibration change; he argues that child development should be discussed in probabilistic language and invokes the theory of games. The other contributors wrote comments on this paper; there was little agreement that the concept of stages was useful in all aspects of child development.

The one newcomer to the group was Professor von Bertalanffy, who expounded his General System Theory, a quasi-mathematical model of 'open systems' and 'irreversible thermodynamics' which may possibly provide a symbolic language and transformation equations for the behaviour of living beings. The discussions appear to have been dominated by him, by Erik

Erikson who made a new presentation of his interpretation of body zones and modes, and by Konrad Lorenz who produced some fascinating and novel ethological examples. This volume is by no means easy reading, and a full exposition and criticism would demand an inordinate amount of space; but it can be recommended to all who are interested in the growing points of social and biological knowledge and the parallel development of appropriate theories.

GEOFFREY GORER

The Reign of Elizabeth, 1558-1603

By J. B. Black. Oxford. 35s.

After twenty-three years a revised edition of Professor J. B. Black's book on *The Reign of Queen Elizabeth* was published last year; it ought now perhaps to be renamed 'The Reign of Mary, Queen of Scots'. For Dr. Black's idea of revision was curious, unless of course he felt that an attractive woman was worth half a dozen parliaments. Whereas, in spite of many books and articles on these subjects, the chapter on the constitution is hardly changed and the social structure of the Commons is not discussed, another twenty-five pages have been devoted to Queen Mary, after we have solemnly been informed that the 'Casket Letters' have been set aside as 'thoroughly untrustworthy evidence'—which is certainly not every historian's view. A few pages have been added to the chapter on literature; a defence of the Earl of Essex has been included; and the chapter on the last years of the reign expanded, making a total addition of ninety pages, plus a detailed table of contents. The book was originally published at 12s. 6d. It now costs 35s. *Eheu fugaces!*

MAURICE ASHLEY

America Challenged. By William O.

Douglas. Oxford, for Princeton. 20s.

Putting First Things First. By Adlai

Stevenson. Hart-Davis. 16s.

The Coming Political Breakthrough

By Chester Bowles.

The Bodley Head. 18s.

The Facts about Nixon. By William

Costello. Hutchinson. 25s.

The Strategy of Peace

By John F. Kennedy. Edited by

Allan Nevins. Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

To Americans every Presidential election is a crisis and the books under review may help to explain why a large number of them regard the election of 1960 as one which may well take its place with those of 1800, 1828, 1860, 1896, 1912, and 1932. The case presented is an opposition case; it is the case against the present administration and more significantly the case against the mood fostered by affluence and encouraged by conservatism. An Associate Justice of the Supreme Court is not an active politician, but no one doubts which way Mr. Justice Douglas will vote and the two lectures in *America Challenged* provide an eloquent and vigorous expression of the malaise which is at the heart of this opposition case. Specifically he accuses America of failing in the education of her people, permitting a dangerous lag in economic growth, turning foreign policy into a series of negations, and smothering idealism under a cult of conformity. With equal eloquence, and with perhaps a broader sympathy, Mr. Adlai Steven-

son in *Putting First Things First* points out what he believes to be the real dilemma of American society: material success makes all policies possible, but before the right policy can be chosen 'we must find out once more who we are'. The volume of self-critical, self-explanatory and self-analytical books which Americans have been writing about themselves show how the need is realized; the opposition case is that the present régime has done so little to satisfy

Mr. Chester Bowles has not Mr. Stevenson's style—his rhetoric consists of an exasperating succession of very short paragraphs—but *The Coming Political Breakthrough* places him in the front rank as a political analyst and strategist. Democratic Congressman, former Democratic Governor of Connecticut, and Mr. Truman's ambassador to India, there is no doubt about his party allegiance; but this book is more than a party polemic. His war-time experience as an administrator concerned with domestic economic problems gives particular weight to his assertion that the present government's economic policies have slowed down the rate of growth through high interest rates and an exaggerated respect for the more short-sighted precepts of business men. On foreign affairs he has less to say but he does make the valuable point—so much easier to take outside than in the United States—that the aim of American policy must not be to force upon others the choice between the Russian and the American way of life. American policy, he believes, can find a new strength if it acknowledges that most non-communist nations do not wish to adopt the American way of life but to better their own. And American policy ought to be based on a 'new realism' (sharply distinguished from the realism of the academic critics of foreign policy) which must recognize that, since 1945, history has been made by 'an explosive political combination consisting of dedicated leaders, dynamic ideas and frustrated people'. As Mr. Stevenson puts it, 'It is not the measure of our morals or the lesson of our history to be spurred only by fear of Russian encroachment. . . . If we must think always in terms of contest with the Soviets, let us bear in mind that the ability to create the good life for the greatest numbers will be decisive'.

For Mr. Bowles and for Mr. Stevenson it is 'the party of hope', not 'the party of memory' which is better able to meet the challenge, to defeat stagnation and to substitute positive policies for defensive slogans. In November approximately half of the American people will demonstrate their agreement and more or less the same number their dissent; if these books indicate the tone of the debate the prize will go to the candidate who gives the most convincing impression of masterful leadership combined with a firm understanding of traditional American principles. Mr. Costello's book about Mr. Nixon, and the collection of Senator Kennedy's speeches may help British readers to assess the men, but it would be improper for a British reviewer to indicate his preference. Both books have the touch of expertise, for Mr. Costello is a first-rate political journalist and Mr. Kennedy's speeches have been edited by one of America's foremost historians. Mr. Costello frankly admits that his book has a serious limitation; without the opportunity of experiencing Mr. Nixon's personal discourse, and without access to the inner history of the present

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Mr. Nixon's success in revealing a quality of mind which equals that of Mr. Kennedy, or by Mr. Kennedy's success in demonstrating that understanding of political realities which Mr. Nixon already possesses.

W. R. BROCK

New Novels

Imperial Caesar. By Rex Warner. Collins. 18s.

The Ladies of Soissons. By Sidney Cunliffe-Owen. Harvill Press. 12s. 6d.

The Accomplices. By Leonard Cooper. Cresset Press. 15s.

The Project. By Andrew Sinclair. Faber. 15s.

BY SOME PERVERSE paradox, the writers of historical novels who move furthest back through the centuries seem to have an easier time of it than those who restrict themselves to comparatively recent times. Certain periods of history seem, indeed, to be positively inimical to fictional treatment. How difficult, for example, for character and emotion not to be stifled, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by costume, sword-play and the almost inevitable 'quoth he'. Inessentials have, in such periods, a maddening way of pushing themselves to the fore and of claiming unreasonable attention. Or is it that we ourselves are still too near these centuries to see the affinities with our own lives and can only sedulously detect the differences?

These reflections are prompted by Rex Warner's *Imperial Caesar*, the second and concluding volume of a novel which recounts Caesar's life in the form of an autobiography. This book ranks, I think, with Graves's *I Claudius* and with Marguerite Yourcenar's *Memoirs of Hadrian* as a near-masterpiece of the re-creation of the ancient world. Mr. Warner writes in a spare, level style, a style, in fact, which seems deceptively simple until one begins to reflect on the number of themes which it can handle and the variety of emotions which it can evoke. *Imperial Caesar* has something of the Roman author's own economy of expression and precision of phrase. From the pages of this engrossing book, Caesar himself emerges as a moderate man, just, loyal, sceptical and clear-sighted. Ambitious yet not boastful, subtle yet never devious, he comes to life as a general of genius, a politician of integrity and an administrator of wisdom. Since Mr. Warner has chosen to use the autobiographical form for his novel, he is able to present the private—as well as the public—Caesar. Thus, reflections like the following on the conquest of Gaul do much to explain both Caesar's motivation and his power—'I experienced that agreeable thrilling of the nerves which must be felt often by great poets and can be felt sometimes even by those who, like myself, have some pretensions to style in prose'.

Mr. Warner has a complete mastery of his material and is at ease both with the details of battles and campaigns and with the complex system of Roman government. Nor is this a one-character book with Caesar as the presiding spirit; Pompey, Mark Antony, Octavius, Crassus, Labienus, Cicero, Cleopatra, and many others leap to life out of this plain but powerful writing. Time, for Mr. Warner, seems to be in abeyance and ancient Rome is as actual and vivid to him as the *mores* and politics of the present day. This splendid book will banish for ever the boredom that often still lingers round

one's memories of having to translate 'Caesar'.

The Ladies of Soissons by Sidney Cunliffe-Owen is not strictly an historical novel but rather a light-hearted fantasy on an historical theme. The story is concerned with the fortunes of a fictitious group of Benedictine nuns who fled to France in the wake of James II. There, they became 'Gallicised' and, under the patronage of Louis XIV who made their Superior a Mitred Abbess, acquired great power and prestige. During the French Revolution they fled to Aachen after assuring their consciences that discretion was the better part of valour. Under Napoleon they came into their own again, and later, when the religious orders were expelled from France, theirs was the only one to remain. In 1939 they were evacuated to England, an event which provokes some of the most amusing writing in the book. After a sojourn in Ireland they finally settled once again in France.

This *jeu d'esprit*, in more senses than one, is engaging and witty. As a *nouvelle* about the religious life it is mercifully free from pious whimsy. The worldliness of *The Ladies of Soissons* may, indeed, shock some readers, at least until they reach the last chapter which declares: 'What we have described in these pages are simply the accidents which from time to time interfered with this routine of *Orare et Laborare*, and rippled the calm surface of their lives'. If this apology looks suspiciously as though the author is trying to have the best of both worlds, his gay little fantasy has, I think, justified him.

The subject of Leonard Cooper's *The Accomplices* is strictly contemporary. It is the story of a hard-boiled security officer's gradual breaking down of a physicist who has given away vital scientific secrets to a foreign power. John Pollard, the security man, loathes communists almost as fanatically as MacCarthy ever did, and his wearing-down of Roger Steyne, the physicist, is chiefly motivated by this hatred.

Mr. Cooper has adopted an interesting and rather unusual method of narration in that each of the characters in his novel speaks for himself or herself; the book thus forms a connected cluster of autobiographies. If such a method largely removes from the author the task of creating character out of conventional dialogue and description, it does, on the other hand, contribute its own immediacy and tensions.

The Accomplices takes its title from the fact that interrogator and interrogated often form a curiously intimate relationship. But this is not the only subtlety in a very exciting book. Mr. Cooper has created a group of characters who are truly individual; Roger, with his Methodist childhood, his passionate belief in the primacy of science, makes a fair match for the

rough-tongued, wily, sometimes brutal, occasionally compassionate Pollard. Pollard never manages to make Roger feel guilty about having given away national secrets; he only succeeds in breaking him by playing both on his nerves and on his wish to 'belong' and to be admired. The other characters in the story—Anna Rolfe, the communist who returns to Catholicism, Juliet, Roger's wife, Waldie, Pollard's colleague, and so on—are all deftly touched in. The only flaw in the book is Roger himself, who emerges as rather more of a humourless prig than perhaps the author intended.

Andrew Sinclair has in his third novel, *The Project*, attempted something distinctly more ambitious than his two brilliant earlier ones did. Like Mr. Cooper, he has selected a theme of vital contemporary importance—the launching of a rocket which has power to wreck the whole world. Like Mr. Warner, Mr. Sinclair is fascinated by power. In this, he also resembles C. P. Snow, though the scientists in *The Project* are very different from Snow's *New Men*. Mr. Sinclair is as much of a moralist as Snow, but he expresses his convictions and fears in a highly coloured, excitable prose, not in the level, sober sentences which Sir Charles employs.

The Project, a short, tightly packed novel, covers the nine tense hours which precede the experimental launching of a new rocket from a scientific base in an unnamed desert. The story is wholly concerned with the reactions of five scientists and two women; this group is composed of verse-writing, swaggering and handsome Patrick, Helen, his beautiful, narcissist wife, Harold, a middle-aged, uneasy Liberal, his wife, Andy, who longs for the child they can never have, James, the security officer, whose military conventionality is only skin-deep, Heff, a hunch-back who aches for love, and Axel, the leader of the scientists, a man who is sexually impotent and obsessed with power.

Mr. Sinclair is only twenty-five and the maturity and insight with which he handles his characters are as astonishing as they are compelling. Tremendous tension builds up as the nine hours pass; the scientists play childish games, Helen tries to seduce Axel, Heff has twinges of conscience and lapses into some vague 'mystical' experience in the desert, and James is troubled about security. The story explodes when, by means of his journal, we discover that Axel is planning to misdirect the rocket and so begin the total destruction of the world.

Mr. Sinclair writes with a luminous verve and energy; he is never at a loss for a word or a simile. His style might perhaps profit occasionally from some judicious cutting, but *The Project* more than fulfils his early promise.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Efficient People

'THERE ARE two sorts of people', wrote Shaw, 'the efficient and the inefficient'. We met, in B.B.C. television, many people last week, and the efficient seemed easily to outnumber the inefficient, though whether they did depends on what Shaw meant by the terms.

Would he have included Gilbert Harding among the efficient? Harding himself presumably would not. In his by now famous interview by John Freeman ('Face to Face', September 18) he went out of his way to display himself as a man of indecisive thought and indeterminate action, a man to whom things happen rather than one who makes them happen. Yet, despite his admissions, and Freeman's relentless searching for the truth, I felt that we were being given a picture of only a part of Harding. Anyone who, in the nineteen-twenties, got to Cambridge after such an unpromising start cannot have been entirely inefficient.

Harding was subjected to a more intensive grilling by Freeman than any other person I have watched in the series, by which I mean that the questions asked were of the kind most people find the greatest difficulty in answering truthfully, such as 'Are you afraid of death?' and 'What does religion mean to you in your everyday life?' That he came out of the ordeal—and ordeal it undoubtedly was—so well is the measure of his stature as a man, inefficient in some things or not. This kind of television probing is a weapon to be used sparingly and never by anyone with less tact and sympathetic firmness than Freeman possesses.

By comparison Group Captain. Leonard Cheshire, V.C., had an easy passage in 'This Is Your Life' (September 19), though I doubt whether, in its different way, it was any the less of an ordeal for him. This B.B.C. version of an American form of entertainment suffers



Gilbert Harding, by Feliks Topolski, as seen in 'Face to Face'



Ludovic Kennedy interviewing two seamen on strike at Liverpool in 'Panorama'

from characteristics that used to be considered peculiarly British—fair play, kindness, and sentimentality. It is, as a result, so fulsomely eulogistic as to be embarrassing, and Cheshire, by all accounts an extremely efficient man, was plainly as embarrassed as the rest of us. The treatment (not the subject) was inevitably dull, there being no respite from the praise heaped on praise and, what was worse, we knew that there would not be.

Surely this series should be confined to our minor, not major, personalities—the actresses, band leaders, pop singers, and similar members of the entertainment fraternity who thrive on adulation? For a man of Cheshire's achievements and ideals to be involved seemed almost an insult to integrity.

'Panorama' (September 19) introduced us to several of the world's important, and presumably efficient, men, but it was the film extract of two Americans arguing most inefficiently that brought the programme to life.

New Yorkers were being asked what they thought of Mr. Khrushchev's visit to their city, and suddenly we had a vivid demonstration of the illogical, bad-tempered, prejudiced manner in which that staunch upholder of free speech, the man in the street, conducts an argument. It was the funniest thing I have seen on television for months—in a hysterical kind of way.

Luis Buñuel, the Spanish film maker now working in Mexico ('The Cinema Today', September 20), Hans Hass ('Adventure', September 23), and Robert Harbin ('Mystery

and Magic', September 23) were three more about whose efficiency in their own fields there can be no doubts. Derek Prouse's interview with the almost legendary Buñuel was one of the best things he has done in this series. The excerpts from *L'Age d'Or* showed what a masterly grasp of cinematic techniques Buñuel had even as a young man.

Hans Hass pulled a real pippin out of the bag with his exquisite little study of a certain species of small crab off the Malayan coast. (May not the explanation of the mystery of the sand-ball patterns made by the crabs be that, as they work, they instinctively leave a clear run back to their hole in the sand, pushing the sand balls to one side or the other to ensure this?) As for Mr. Harbin, he seemed even more baffling than Chan Canasta or Koran, and much more amusing.

Efficient was certainly the word for the two American officers featured in 'Escape from Danger' (September 23), who described their researches into the problems of surfacing from 320 feet under the sea and free-falling from 80,000 above the earth, but it was not the word for those who made this C.B.S. film and inflicted on us the sort of background music popular in the days of the silent film.

And in which category does Mr. Kingsley Amis come? His talk with Derek Hart in 'Tonight' (September 19) about the critics' reception of his latest novel, was one of those surprise items, as good in their way as anything in 'Monitor', that makes 'Tonight' one of the programmes I least like to miss.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Essay in Self-Pity

SELF-PITY is one of the most dangerous of vices. More than lust, arrogance, brutality, or any of those more commonly encountered, it saps the intellect. Perversely it is increasingly becoming the point of departure for the younger dramatists. The latest recruit is Mr. John Whiting, whose new play, *A Walk in the Desert* (September 25), was entirely concerned with an almost clinical history of such a case. It explored the problem in detail, probing past the first stages where acceptance of loneliness is the stopping-off point, to where feeling ceased to



A scene from Luis Buñuel's film *Los Olvidados*, excerpts from which were seen in 'The Cinema Today'



A Walk in the Desert: (left to right) Kenneth Haigh as Peter Sharpe, Tracey Lloyd as Shirley Flanders, Nigel Stock as Tony Coleman, Joyce Heron as Laura Sharpe, and Laurence Hardy as Charles Sharpe



Henry VI: The Rabble from Kent: (left to right) David Andrews as a sea captain, John Ringham as the Master, Derek Ware as the mate, Edgar Wreford as the Duke of Suffolk, and Adrian Brine as Walter Whitmore; (kneeling) John Greenwood and Jeremy Bisley as two gentlemen

exist, and thought, the only emotion left, was rationalized out in hatred.

Peter, injured in a car accident, a masochist yet wishing 'to be remembered by hatred', seized the opportunity, when a girl called at the wrong house to apply for a secretarial post, to play a cruel practical joke on her by pretending to engage her. In the interview he discovered she also had experienced unhappiness. Believing that she was walking in a desert without hope he tried to seduce her innocence by endowing her with a sense of sin. His god-like un-Christian act failed. Unlike Peter and his friend Tony, who with middle-age about him was subsiding uncomplainingly into a loneliness that in Peter's case was unbearable, the girl, in accepting Fate's blow, has at the same moment rejected it. She is free. 'Why can't you people take things as they are?' she cries in the end. Because, of course, life had ceased to be real to Peter who, love having failed, was already inhabiting a dream world, longing for 'something to remember'.

Mr. Kenneth Haigh extracted every drop of interest from what was a morbid but essentially uninteresting character. He was greatly helped by Mr. Nigel Stock's uncomplaining Tony. As the girl, Miss Tracey Lloyd conveyed both her candour and her toughness exactly.

No fine shades in the second half of *Henry VI, Part II* (September 22). From the strangling of good Duke Humphrey to the death of Clifford it was slaughter, slaughter all the way. This unending carnage was made the counterpoint to the quarrelling noblemen in Mr. Peter Dew's fluid, swirling production, so that one sensed the chaos of England as Yorkist fought Lancastrian, and the people suffered.

Not that Shakespeare here displayed over-much sympathy for the masses. His distrust of mob emotion was given added emphasis by the deletion of some of Cade's kindlier lines. This produced a change of direction, one which struck me as perfectly legitimate since it fined down the shape of the drama, streamlining it neatly into an hour's playing time. Nevertheless, Mr. Esmond Knight found some sympathy for Cade by seeing him as a kind of decent, anti-establishment sergeant.

Queen Margaret was not humanized, and her unshifting enmity in all its rawness has been chillingly sculpted as from an iceberg by Miss Mary Morris. Beside her the King's weakness was pitiful. Mr. Terry Scully's performance—the sudden, bright, mad gleaming of the eye, the

abrupt switches to sanity, the bouts of authority—was beautifully graded and controlled.

I cannot say the same for either of the comedy programmes I looked at. *Meet the Champ* (September 22), was never within nodding distance of laughter of any kind, let alone the full-throated belly laugh it must have craved. Apart from an unlively script, I thought it suffered from three important faults. No one had decided whether the show was to be comedy or farce: Mr. Bernard Bresslaw and Mr. Jimmy James aimed at farce, the rest at comedy. Mr. Bresslaw relied too much on simply being gormless. The direction was abysmally slow, whereas with Mr. Bresslaw's type of comedy the reverse is needed to provoke laughter by contrast.

More successful, though by no means as sure-footed as I felt I had a right to expect, was Mr. Frankie Howerd. In *Ladies and Gentle—Men*, (September 24) the familiar bumbling, roguish figure was there, so was the stammering confused delivery, the astounded pop-eyed expression, the crafty assumption that the audience read things into the lines which Mr. Howerd had never

dreamt were there. But that was all, for the material was shockingly indifferent and repetitive. Still Mr. Howerd managed to amuse by the warmth of his personality, his timing, and his comedian's ability to force his audience to believe his jokes four times funnier than they were.

I had not intended to write about *No Wreath for the General* (September 19) until the serial had progressed. The first episode, however, got away to such a crackling start that credit must be given at once to Mr. Donald Wilson. He was fortunate, or unduly perspicacious, to have screened at this time a thriller involving a general's memoirs. This fissionable material was never more topical; and to my speculation, already drifting out over the wide field of suspects, was added the question as to which attribute of Mr. Maurice Hedley's performance belonged where. Of the others in a neatly cohesive presentation by Mr. Julian Amyes, Mr. Patrick Cargill, as a sly, uncommunicative Department head, and Mr. James Villiers, his P.A., whose caddish impertinence was superb, were most enjoyable.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, Jnr.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Hamburgers

'THERE ARE two sorts of scriptwriting; and one of them is a Hamburger business'. So spoke a distinguished American scriptwriter. I am sure that he meant no disrespect to the hamburger as a thing in itself, and bore no ill-will to the people who manufacture products much in demand which are of a convenient size and familiar taste and texture. But it is worrying when the machinery of distribution of anything as potentially valuable as radio drama gets too mechanical. Any large organization is apt to discover that hamburgers are best, and to show less enthusiasm for less manageable meats.

The means by which plays come to be broadcast are devious, and at times I think I hear a hamburger machine working. The three services have fixed times to fill, and a play that is an awkward length can get chopped or stretched or lost to radio. They have notions of what their audiences are like and should be given, and writers not middling enough for Home, or difficult enough for Third, or feather-weight enough for Light may suffer. Nor do I believe that the



Lana Morris as Isobel Gilmour and Maurice Hedley as General Campbell in the first episode of *No Wreath for the General*



Drawing by JOHN WARD, A.R.A., on board a P & O - Orient Lines ship.

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departmental distinction between plays and features is easy to draw or always interpreted as flexibly as it should be.

Subject to correction, I allege that any produced and once-successful stage play, any adaptation of a known novel or short story, anything by a writer who has made a television name has a rather easier passage to the air than a new piece by an unknown which is a bit tricky to classify or find a slot for. This does not mean that individual producers won't bruise their fists against the machinery for anything they believe in. They often do. And yet there are weeks when I listen to play after play as empty, anonymous, stereotyped, and annoying as a convoy of number 11 buses crawling belatedly down Fleet Street. It is, of course, as futile for a critic to denounce these worthy vehicles as it would be to speak severely to the driver or conductor of a number 11. But it does no harm to report on the habits of the traffic.

There was in the revived 'Variety Playhouse' (Home Service, September 24) a pocket play performed by Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert of exceptionally silly solemnity. The British were getting rid of the Romans, and the British wife of a Roman officer had tipped off Boadicea's lot about how to get into the fort. When it began I had a wild hope that our Miss Courtneidge would be our Boadicea. But it was serious rot. *Day After Tomorrow* (Home, September 22) had been on television and transported Margaret Rutherford as a pathetic old dear who wrote verse and was hard done by. Of course she made every line with any flavour tell, was well supported by Harry Hutchinson, and had bad luck over a five-minute breakdown. But the play was dull and weepy and weak.

As a novel, *The Paper Palace* by Robert Harling (Home, September 19) was an engaging, though implausible, tale of how a newspaper proprietor rose to power through blackmail and how his news editor and a reporter 'fixed' him. Spoken out loud, with much skill, it would not do at all. Documentary treatment of this particular universe of sin being *a priori* impossible the fantastic or symbolic handling of the subject should be funnier.

The Colonel (Home, September 24) dealt with the conflict between love and duty among the rich and their lawyers and particularly in the mind of a virtuous retired soldier who had not noticed that his brother was a swindler and that the members of his famous club loved him for it. There were moments, if not of truth, of grey moral realism—put across well by Liane Aukin, Kenneth Griffin, and Curigwen Lewis. But the piety towards old loves, the stock reaction to good but plain girls and to faithful retainers, and the heavy hokum with ceremonial swords, white roses dashed into the fireplace, and suicidal pistols finally rejected were altogether too much. If only the colonel, who was dead right not to commit perjury, had been a member of a slightly less superior club, and the young climber who pressed him to sign the lie had been less of a cad there might have been a play in it.

At much shorter length the 'Wednesday Matinée Double Bill' (Home, September 21) deserved attention. *Almost A Man*, by William Glen-Doepel, kept—honestly—within the bounds of a grim family quarrel, and *Mary Herriott* by James McFarlan used scenes in a psycho-analyst's consulting room for the uncovering of motives too fast, but without gross caricature of the method.

The Circular Road, by Leslie Daiken (Third, September 21) was a mixture of feature and drama which came off well. There was a mass of historically interesting material in this memory of a Jewish childhood in Dublin in troubled times.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



A Festival Week

ANY SERIOUS listener to sound broadcasting must have wondered, from time to time, at the lack of literary features. True, there have been the academic literary talks; and in the last few months we have had recollections of Mallarmé, Lowes Dickinson, and American expatriates in Paris, not to mention an hour on a phrase in *Hamlet*. But all these programmes were more or less centrifugal. None of them touched the central point of literature; and the point about poets, as Professor Blunden observed on another occasion, is that they write poetry. What we needed (so one felt) was a large-scale programme, a serious work of scholarship which was, at the same time, fine radio. Now, for the first time, the Third Programme has produced a double feature on a principal English poet. It has been a programme of distinction.

Since Sir Harold Nicolson published his *Tennyson* in 1923, it has been fashionable to read Tennyson 'very carelessly or not at all', and Professor Auden, editing a selection from the poet in 1946, followed Sir Harold's line: that Tennyson is divisible, and much of his later work may safely be ignored. All poets write unevenly, and any poet who lives to Tennyson's age (which was eighty-three) writes much that is admittedly not of first rank; but no poet can be assessed while he remains in limbo, and to accept that the second half of Tennyson's work is unworthy of attention does a grave injustice to poet and reader. In 'Tennyson' (Third Programme, September 23 and 28), Mr. Patric Dickinson resurrected the poet entire, and gave us a rewarding appraisal. There was no fusty academic air about it; he let a healthy breeze into the library, and if a few theses and card indexes were blown out of the window, so much the better. We were shown Tennyson plain; a poet of much more than accepted stature, a poet whose lyric nature did not preclude his vigorous interest in the intellectual movements of his time. One had sometimes felt that Tennyson (like Hugo) was a lord of language but an indifferent philosopher. Mr. Dickinson has suggested otherwise, in an astringent broadcast, handsomely produced. Mr. Carleton Hobbs has proved himself a fine reader of poetry.

This has, in fact, been a festival week, for we have also heard one of the most remarkable talks we have enjoyed for months: one of those talks that sends a critic racing for an Oscar. What a world there is between the diligent reader of a script and the speaker who is born to the medium! On September 20 (Home Service) Sir Brian Horrocks gave us a brilliant half-hour of reminiscence. He has indeed led a full life since the day he passed into Sandhurst second from bottom, and he gave us sharp accounts of starvation, imprisonment, hospital life in Russia, command in the desert war, and the occupation of Germany. But what impressed much more than the facts was the character that came over: genial, generous, and widely appreciative. It is not often that men of such experience are also 'naturals' in radio, and give us talks so elegantly shaped.

If these were the festivals of the week, we had a nice fringe production: 'When Talking was Talking' (Home Service, September 20). Mr. Moray McLaren discoursed with ease of manner on the early days of sound radio, the magic of the spoken word, and, more especially, on Max Beerbohm whom, as a young producer, he had brought to the microphone. Dear Max, with his well-rehearsed stammer, his perfectly timed mistakes, and his equally perfected final talks 'composed', as he put it, 'for the ears of listeners'! Let us have a Beerbohm season,

soon, and begin it with 'London Revisited'.

I wonder what Max, that traditionalist, would have thought of a B.B.C. without a nine o'clock news. I listened to 'Ten o'Clock' on September 19, and seemed to hear them rush to switch off Big Ben after the first stroke sounded. Whoever introduced the comment had obviously been told to hot it up and popularize it nicely, and he sold it to us, brightly, like the *plat du jour*, or soap-suds on television. We had, among other bits and pieces, a very limp little comment on the Congo. I hope that the speaker listened to 'The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar' (Third Programme, September 21), when Mr. Lionel Fleming compared the Congo with the disintegrating character in Poe, and gave us a wise and lively exposition.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony

AFTER TAKING the Scottish capital by storm during the recent Festival at Edinburgh, the visiting Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, with its two conductors, Eugene Mravinsky and Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, descended on London last week and drew large audiences to the Royal Festival Hall. One of the concerts (Third Programme, September 23) was of special interest as it included what was the first public performance in this country of Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony. It was preceded by Mozart's Symphony in B flat (K.319) which gave proof, if proof were needed, that this orchestra can play the German classics with elegance and precision and a feeling for the classical style. The conductor was Mravinsky, who then proceeded to give a performance, remarkable for its dramatic and emotional intensity, of the Eighth Symphony of Shostakovich, written in 1943 and clearly intended as a monument to the horrors of war.

Here is a formidable work which, in spite of its inordinate length (it takes an hour to perform) and almost bewildering profusion of material, undoubtedly creates an impression of rugged strength, even grandeur, though the means employed are at times inclined to be crude. It begins impressively with a finely conceived *Adagio* movement which, however, is rather slow in getting under way. A brooding atmosphere of premonition pervades the introductory section; the emotional temperature is then gradually increased, and a sense of strife and anguish is engendered, culminating in a climax that seems like a defiant challenge to the powers of evil.

In the second movement, which is martial in character, with a prominent part for the piccolo, there are some novel orchestral effects, and it becomes increasingly clear that we are listening to a Battle Symphony. The last three movements are played without a break. A long kind of bustling, agitated *moto perpetuo* on the strings, punctuated by exclamations from the woodwind and brass, is succeeded by clarion calls on the trumpets and rolls on the drums, which in turn give way to a long sustained meditative episode suggesting a mood of uneasy apprehension. After an effective *passacaglia* and several abortive climaxes, the symphony finally ends on a quiet note; but the end when it comes is somehow not very impressive. The work is one of the composer's major achievements, but could do with some fairly drastic pruning.

On Thursday (Third, September 22) the first of the B.B.C.'s new series of 'Invitation Concerts' was broadcast from the Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool under the auspices of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Society. A feature of the new series is that the first four

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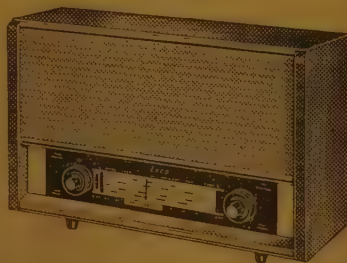
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concerts will be broadcast from centres outside London. (The next three will come from Birmingham, Oxford, and Manchester.) There were two new works, both receiving their first performance in England, in the Liverpool programme: a *Piano Sonata*, by Hans Werner Henze, and a kind of chamber cantata, *Auf die ruhige Nachtzeit*, for soprano, flute, viola, and cello by Klaus Huber. The piano sonata was the kind of work of which I feel it is impossible to give any reasoned account after a first hearing. As far as one could tell, it was played with extreme efficiency by John Ogdon. Klaus Huber is a new name to me, but I thought his miniature cantata, with its short, epigrammatic move-

ments, was attractive and skilfully written; and the fact that, for a contemporary work, it was surprisingly consonant did not seem to make it any less interesting. It was most expertly sung by Dorothy Dorow, accompanied by Geoffrey Gilbert (flute), Norbert Brainin (viola), and Derek Simpson (cello).

In the seldom played Trio for clarinet, viola, and piano by Mozart which followed Norbert Brainin (who was broadcasting for the first time as a viola player) was joined by Nina Milkina and Gervase de Peyer, and he also played (with Nina Milkina) Mozart's G major Sonata for violin and piano and (alone) Bach's Sonata in G minor. It is now the established practice at

these concerts to mingle old and new, so that new works are heard in juxtaposition with works chosen from the classical repertory.

I tuned in from curiosity to a programme (Third, September 24) of settings of songs from Shakespeare's plays by the Italian-born composer (he is now an American citizen) Castelnuovo-Tedesco, as his is a name one rarely sees today. The Shakespeare settings date from the early nineteen-twenties, but many of them have much character and show a lively invention. They were extremely well sung by Hervey Alan, and the piano accompaniments were in the capable and sympathetic hands of Frederick Stone.

ROLLO H. MYERS

French Musicians and the East

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER



Roussel's 'Evocations' will be broadcast at 8.50 p.m. on Saturday, October 8 (Third), and at 2.30 p.m. the following day (Home)

IN 1909, THE YEAR WHEN agitation against British rule in India reached an attempt on the life of the Viceroy, Lord Minto, Albert Roussel and his bride set out on their honeymoon journey to India and the Far East. A sailor in his youth—he was twenty-five before he seriously took up music—Roussel was a man of means able to offer his wife a sight-seeing tour of the countries he had visited as a lieutenant in the French navy. It was a tour in the grand manner including the ancient caves at Ellora, the rose-coloured city of Jaipur, and the sacred city of Banares with its thousands of wretched pilgrims and the golden temple of Siva. Following his Indian honeymoon Roussel wrote the *Evocations* and the opera-ballet *Padmâvatî*.

The subject of *Padmâvatî* was chosen as the result of a curious chance meeting. At Chitor the travellers found themselves stranded at some distance from the city. 'An Englishman on an exploratory mission with his wife', Roussel writes, 'offered to share his mounts, an elephant and two horses. . . . We readily accepted and we thus visited Chitor and evoked its remote history, its siege and destruction by Mogul troops commanded by Ala-ud-din, and particularly the dramatic death of Padmâvatî'. The obliging 'Englishman', Roussel later discovered, was the future Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, accompanied by his wife Margaret.

It is interesting to come upon a reference to this episode in MacDonald's provocative book, *The Awakening of India*, published on his return to England in 1910. Roussel is not mentioned by name, but the chapter on Chitor contains an eloquent account of its history which was to inspire the libretto of Roussel's opera. 'Whoever comes to India', MacDonald declares, 'and does not sit down on the plain below Chitor with a history at his elbow and a plan on his lap and then go up the hill—on an elephant if possible—to the ruined temples and palaces and the still almost perfect towers might as well have stayed at home'. The elephant on which the Roussels and the MacDonalds trundled to Chitor was supplied by the Rajput chief Sir Pratap Singh. In the historic city the musician and the statesman imagine 'the tramp of the Rajput cavalry going out to die . . . the bridal song of the women going to their fearful death by fire'; and together they watch a procession of musicians 'blowing horns, beating drums and cymbals, followed by the Maharana under a golden umbrella'.

Roussel spent long periods in the East. Like Rimsky-Korsakov, who had similarly started life as a sailor, he genuinely relished its sights and legends. He heard Indian music and, by means of our approximate western notation, occasionally noted down a motive. Settings of the Hindu poet Kalidasa enliven the exotic flavour of the *Evocations* and so does a chant of a Hindu beggar. Yet the vision Roussel's music suggests of the East is detached and picturesque, a wholly European vision belonging to the category of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade* and Balakirev's *Tamara*. Roussel does not attempt to identify himself with the Orient. The India he portrays is exotic but in a slightly inferior sense. It was the India, it is true, that his companion, Ramsay MacDonald, was anxious to understand, but it was also the Anglo-India of Kipling, an author whom Roussel greatly admired. We are told that the former lieutenant in the French navy particularly treasured a translation of the famous 'If'. '*Si vous pouvez remplir la minute féconde*', this translation quaintly runs, '*De travaux généreux, dignes d'être accomplis, Vous serez un Homme, mon fils*'.

During Roussel's lifetime there was another approach to the Orient, that of the ethno-musicologists. It is true to say that as the field-work of these severely scientific historians accumulated a much wider view of musical practice was opened up, a universal view in which our western contribution was not more than a late-flowering phenomenon. The development of ethno-musicology represented something of a revolution in musical history. Unfortunately, European music remained unaffected by this new science. True, the gap was very wide. Even where there might have been an affinity with the Orient, our European musical language, based on equal temperament and the diatonic scales, was too blunt to absorb the subtly conceived oriental scales. Nor could the oriental ranges of timbre be adapted to our relatively unyielding instruments. Here and there, however, we do perceive a narrowing of the gap, notably in the studies by Constantin Brailoiu of the pentatonic scales which, he maintains, were common to the East and to the works of Debussy and the Russians. These studies are highly illuminating, yet here again there could hardly have been a direct oriental influence. In the main, the use of pentatonic scales by European composers was instinctive.

Must we then seal off ethno-musicology and

exclude any kind of musical intercourse between East and West? Not entirely. Oriental music, particularly the Javanese gamelans, obviously made a powerful impact on Debussy, and Brailoiu was certainly right in describing the Debussyan orchestra as a *gamelan stylisé*, greatly indebted to the Orient, as indeed was Debussy's conception of the fragmentation of music. Analogies of this sort are interesting, but we must beware of reading too much into them. To trace back Debussy's use of the pentatonic scales to the oriental music he heard at the Paris World Exhibitions of 1889 and 1900 is reasonable, but it is also too easy.

I do not deny that Debussy's experience of the Javanese gamelans from Jogya and Solo ('their counterpoint makes that of Palestrina seem like child's play') and of an opera company from Cochin China ('a fiery little clarinet sets the mood while the gong builds up a sense of terror') greatly enlarged his musical horizon. Yet it was on the psychological rather than the technical plane that the main impact was made. Indifferent to theories, Debussy laid himself bare to the sensuality of the Orient—and the Orient included, in his view, the Near East, Algeria, and even Spain. From Seville Pierre Louys wrote to Debussy of the gypsy songs 'beginning softly on three notes, E flat, D, C, and not ending on the tonic'. Infuriated by technical analyses of this sort, Debussy hastily retorted: 'Do you not remember the Javanese music containing every shade of feeling, even shades that we dare not mention, and which makes our ideas of a tonic and dominant seem ridiculous? Never mind about your theme beginning E flat, D, C. You'd do better to acquire a truer view under the novel influence of Paqua and Lola'.

Who were these mysterious figures? Paqua was the fifteen-year-old mistress in Seville of Pierre Louys; Lola, sixteen, ministered to his friend Ferdinand Hérold. From which it is clear that knowledge, for those who were bold enough to lead the instinctive life, was knowledge in the biblical sense. 'Adam knew his wife Eve', states the Book of Genesis, 'and she bore him a son and called his name Seth'. This was hardly the knowledge of the East advocated by Ramsay MacDonald on his goodwill mission, still less by Kipling in his stoic tales and poems. Nor was it the knowledge of the East acquired at first hand by Roussel on his sight-seeing tour. But it was the only kind of knowledge, Debussy believed, that was worth having.

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Bridge Forum

Inter-County Bidding Competition—Semi-final I

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE FIRST of the semi-finals in the inter-county bidding competition the Norfolk representatives, Mrs. P. A. Broke and Mrs. L. H. Allwood, met Sussex, represented by Mrs. E. Harrison and Mr. G. H. Yarnell.

In the first part of the competition the players were asked five questions, all relating to the following hand:

♠ K Q ♥ A 10 5 ♦ A 10 9 6 4 ♣ A Q J

(1) Your opening bid as dealer, Game all.

	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(2)	1 D	No	1 H	No
	?			

(3)	1 D	No	1 H	No
	3 C	No	3 NT	No
	?			

(4)	1 D	1 H	1 S	2 H
	?			

(5)	1 D	No	2 C	No
	?			

These were adjudged to be the best answers:

(1) One Diamond. One competitor elected to open Two No Trumps, but the unsupported honour combination in spades and the fact that the long suit might take time to develop, both argued against the bid.

(2) Three Clubs: a forcing bid, giving partner the opportunity to rebid hearts and suggesting the spade weakness. Four Hearts scored a consolation point.

(3) No Bid. No Trumps are now clearly safe.

There is no point in advancing beyond game since partner, had he held the necessary values for slam, would have made some more encouraging bid.

(4) Three Hearts. The advantage of this bid is that it gives partner the opportunity to show diamond support. He may still have the values to make Six Diamonds a realizable contract. If partner rebids spades, this bid can be raised to game. Four Spades scored one consolation point.

(5) Three Hearts. A consolation point had been proposed for Five Clubs. One competitor answered Two Hearts and that, too, was given an *ad hoc* award of one point when it was claimed to be a forcing bid. The other competitors all failed to score with their answer of Three No Trumps, a bid which did not do full justice to the slam possibilities of the hand.

At this stage Norfolk trailed Sussex by 10 points to 12, but soon strengthened their challenge when they scored maximum points on the bidding of the following hand: West dealer. Game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ K 9	♠ A Q 6
♥ A K J 10 8 4 3	♥ None
♦ K J 9 4	♦ A 10 7 6 5 3
♣ None	♣ Q 10 7 2

Two contracts only were considered for awards. Seven Diamonds scored 10 and Six Diamonds scored 5. And this was the Norfolk auction:

WEST	EAST
Mrs. Broke	Mrs. Allwood
1 H	2 D
4 D	4 S
4 NT	5 H
7 D	No Bid

In certain circumstances West's decision to open One Heart rather than Two Hearts might have proved a cause of subsequent embarrassment. In the event, it presented no problem and West showed the right kind of courage.

Sussex, who had to do equally well to win, were the victims of their own over-elaboration.

WEST	EAST
Mrs. Harrison	Mr. Yarnell
2 H	3 D
3 S	4 D
6 D	No

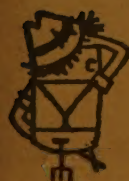
There is no better way of showing support than by supporting, and West's obvious rebid was a simple Four Diamonds. East would have then been able to cue-bid the spade ace and West would have known at once that the odds favoured a grand slam. As it was, West was unable to raise Four Diamonds to Five Diamonds lest it be passed and could find no sensible way to explore the grand slam.

Lest the small slam be considered a pusillanimous effort, this is the origin of the hand: it was dealt in the famous rubber bridge match between Culbertson and Lenz. Jacoby was West and Lenz East and their bidding was:

WEST	EAST
2 H	3 D
4 H	No

Planting Violets and Solanums in the Autumn

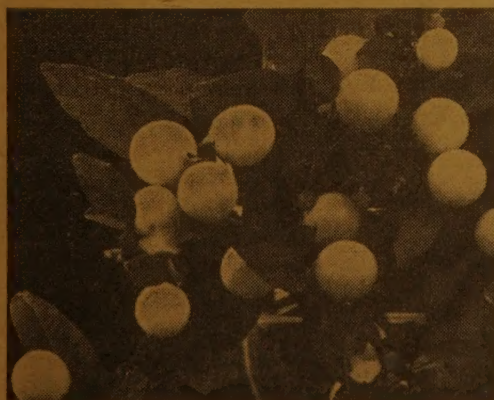
By F. H. STREETER



VIOLETS SHOULD BE planted in the frames in plenty of leaf soil and fairly close to the glass. Lift them with a big ball of soil on the roots and give them enough room for the air to circulate. Violets must have air at all times, even in frosty weather, and you should cover the glass with mats or straw. Leave a little air on the back of the frames. I know it sounds odd to cover up the lights and leave air on, but it is best for the plants. If you are buying your plants for the first time and do not know what varieties to get, try Bournemouth Gem and Princess of Wales for singles, and Marie Louise for a double.

If you plant and grow solanums outside, it is time to lift them, too. Lift them with a good ball of soil so that the roots are not unduly damaged and if they are on the dry side water them thoroughly a couple of hours before. If they have done well and are full of berries they will take a six-inch pot. John Innes No. 2 compost will suit them. Put them near together in a close

frame for a few days to get them to root again, spray overhead to keep them fresh, and in a week or so they will be ready for the light and air again. Put them inside before the frost comes.



Solanum capsicastrum

Do not delay planting your border carnations which were layered in the summer and are now well rooted. Sever the young plants from their parents and leave them for three or four days while you are preparing their quarters. Dig the ground well and add a little crushed mortar-rubble or bricks broken up very fine; if you have heavy clay soil, burnt earth will make a first-class rooting medium.

The wet weather has suited the dahlias. Try to go over them every two or three days, taking off all the old flowers. You will find the lower petals damp first of all, but do not be afraid to take them off to help all the buds along. Keep them going for as long as you can.

If you grow hardy cyclamen in the grass round your trees, cut the grass short before the blooms begin to show. They are on the move, so do not delay this job, as once the flowers appear it will take so much longer clipping the grass.

Try to get on top of the weeds, and keep a sharp look out for earwigs everywhere, too.

—From a talk in the Home Service



Making Housework Easier

By LOIS DYER

It is frequently the back that bears most of the strain in the common household chores. Mechanically speaking, the back is at its most vulnerable when it is bent or twisted, and we should therefore aim to keep it straight and controlled by the natural use of our muscles and ligaments whenever possible. This often means adapting ourselves, our places of work, or our equipment. Many working surfaces are at the wrong height, but it is simple enough to use some planks of wood to raise them. For instance, it is possible to raise the level of your washing-up bowl with a block of wood or other material.

One of the most tiring things is to have to work for any length of time with your elbows away from your sides and your hands stretched in front of you. This immediately puts a strain on the neck and shoulder muscles and is a sure cause of the aches and pains which arrive in that area. Sometimes the working surfaces are too high, in which case it is you who must stand on something to form a platform for yourself. I suggest that a table or basin at waist level is usually a comfortable height for most jobs. An invaluable article in the home is the kitchen stool; but if you can use a chair so much the better, because you can sit with your back completely supported.

There are innumerable things that can be done seated which we always seem to do standing up—preparing vegetables, cleaning silver, polishing shoes, mixing a cake. Ironing is much less tiring if done sitting down. Wooden ironing boards can easily have their heights changed by altering the position of the supporting block underneath. If you feel you really must do your ironing standing up, you will find it much easier if you have one foot facing the board at a slight angle, about a foot away from the other one. You can then obtain a satisfactory pressure by transferring your weight from one foot to the other and pushing the iron away from you as you work. The same stance should be adopted for other standing jobs, such as using a vacuum cleaner or carpet sweeper. Stand with your feet about eighteen inches apart, and use your body-weight to do the pushing, by rocking from one foot to the other.

If you have something heavy or awkward to lift, bring it as near to you as possible, so that you can use your forearms and hands to the best advantage to give a really secure grip. If the article is low down, try to avoid bending your back to reach it. Bend your hips and knees to get to the required level, grip the object, and use the strong leg and thigh muscles to lever yourself up.

Another common way in which we often twist ourselves awkwardly is when we are trying to find something in a cupboard. Always open the cupboard doors widely to have proper access. Then, particularly if it is something heavy, use both hands to lift it out. See that your shelves and hooks are at a convenient height, and if a thing is just too high to reach without an unpleasant effort, stand on something secure.

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

Notes on Contributors

- CHARLES JANSON (page 495): editor of *Africa 1960* (a news-letter published in London); once Paris correspondent, *The Economist*
J. H. GRAINGER (page 500): Lecturer in Government at the Welsh College of Advanced Technology, Cardiff
IAN NAIRN (page 505): an assistant editor, *The Architectural Review*; author of *Counter-attack against Subtopia*
G. H. TREITEL (page 510): Lecturer in Law, Oxford University
GWYN WILLIAMS (page 512): Professor of English, University of Libya; author of *An Introduction to Welsh Poetry*, etc.
MAGNUS PYKE (page 514): Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; author of *Slaves Unaware?*, *About Chemistry*, etc.
LAURENCE LERNER (page 518): Lecturer in English Language and Literature, Queen's University, Belfast; author of *English Literature*, *The Englishman*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,583.

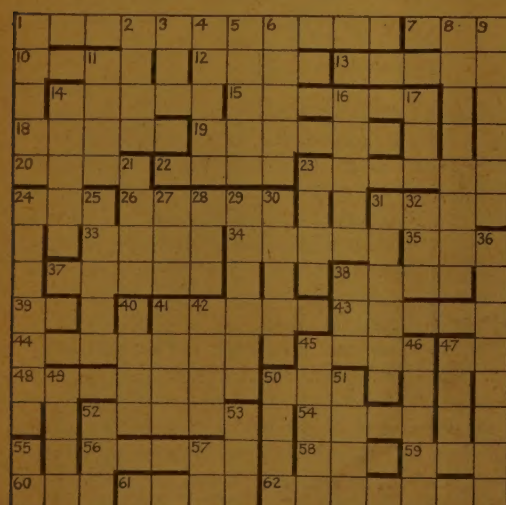
Like and Unlike—II.

By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 6. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.

Each of the twenty-four clues prefixed by two numbers leads to a word of the number of letters indicated. At the first of the two numbers a synonym, at the second an antonym, of the word must be entered in the diagram. E.g. if the word clued were STILL, the synonym might be SILENT and the antonym NOISY. All other clues are normal. The unchecked letters appear in GRAND EVENT; ORION ROLLOCKING; KA HAS A QUEER CRY; ARIADNE ALLERGIC TO BACTERIA.



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CLUES—ACROSS

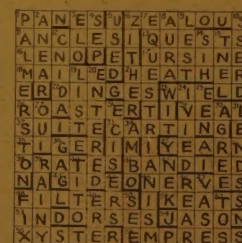
- 1, 15. Ned fuddled with gin—that's the limit! (6)
2, 56. The kind of lozenge to disagree with one (7)
7, 14D. The sort of sound Alfred, the poet, would make (5)
10. Savoury with no bit underdone (4)
13. Parson too keen on preferment and far from straight (5)
14, 12. This is not even peculiar (3)
18, 24D. Get ready for this clue! Mind you don't miss it! (5)
19. Divine revelation of six standing before Jerusalem (6)
20, 47D. Blush when the colonel starts to scowl (6)
22. Not recked by ungracious pastors, said Ophelia (4)
24. Bill, coming back, gets the better room (3)
26, 52. Tailless marsh bird takes plenty of hops (6)
31. The artist, who turns up in 31D, leaves afterwards (4)
33. Chaldean city starts a ring in natron (4)
34. Jennet's cry sounds like a denial (5)
35. According to the French, a side petal of *Pisum* (3)
37, 61. Surprise break away by the French (7)
41. Seeing hospital beds all around, I can become indifferent to pain (5)
44. Among the fleurs-de-lys Ian describes a delightful place (7)
45. Even Royal Air Force is initially upset. Surely not by this! (4)
47B-46, 45D. Frank, the son, is in trouble (6)
48, 8. Clearly a halt to no purpose (8)
50. Lug plough in the cornfield (3)
54. Tedious desire (4)
59. Eponymous dwelling of Loki's daughter (3)
60, 52A. A claw no longer in its prime (4)

DOWN

- 1, 30. That bloke from town holds the German back, the tick! (6)
1, 38A. Have faith in one who is busy about the destruction of evil (7)
3, 61. Shown by the incensed Regan (5)
4, 9. A couple will make you tight (5)
5, 2. Woe up in Scotland over the English escape (5)
6, 62. Cut short the early part of conic-sections with little change (7)
11. When blue it's inferior gin (4)
16. Said twice before the hammer falls (5)

21. Place in which there dwelt a race of kings (4)
23, 2U. I'm cleaned out anyhow, my pet (5)
25, 17. CXLIV (5)
27. In a London district, this vehicle causes a scare (3)
28. American tinned meat turns up for the gipsy (3)
29. In study, there in Paris, this was pretty once (6)
31. Palm found among the narcissi (6)
32. Have in Spenser's day (3)
36, 45D-39. Assuredly I am yours (5)
38, 50U. To be ruined by issue (6)
40. These sandbanks are usually without ule (4)
41. Knight coming down to English capital thus addresses the king (4)
42. Story from *The Immortal Epic* (4)
49. Turbulent count becomes a mad king (4)
50U-39, 43. In excited eagerness a giant appears (4)
50, 23A. Evil-doing is not, as of old, overthrown (3)
51. A dark horse raced round the ring (4)
52, 58. Being cheerful in a train mishap (5)
53. Chaps going up put this before study—no-one objects (3)
55U-57U. Note the French grief (4)

Solution of No. 1,581



NOTES

Across—Intermediate words: 1. Evans (England wicket-keeper)—Vanes. 6. Jalouse (Burns)—'To a louse'—Jealous. 11. Clunes—Uncles. 13. Gusset—Guests. 16. Oxen (Boxen)—Xeno. 17. Arisen—Arsine. 18. Di-lat-c—Tailed. 21. Wreath—Weather. 22. Neighs—Hinges. 23. Filed—Field. 26. Boaters—Boaster. 29. (B) Laze—Zeal. 32. Qui(l)et—Quite. 33. Trading—Darting. 35. Rei(g)n—Niger. 37. Arlen—Learn. 38. Tapers—Prates. 41. Can(did)—Candied. 43. Dire—Ride. 45. Verses—Serves. 48. (S) Kirtles(s)—Kilters. 51. Yeast (hidden)—Yeats. 53. Red-noses (Hen. IV)—Endorses. 54. Mo-ans—Mason. 55. St. ore—Oyster. 56. Premiss—Impress.

Down: 1. * 8. L(aura). 9. Actual and hidden. 14U. Histories. 27. L(oui)s. 28U. Two meanings. 30. Eager* and a-gree. 31. L-ends. 34. Amboyna. 39. Ra(in)y. 47. V-ase. 52U. Sotadean.

* = anagram

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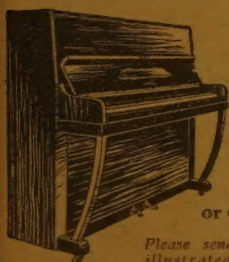
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